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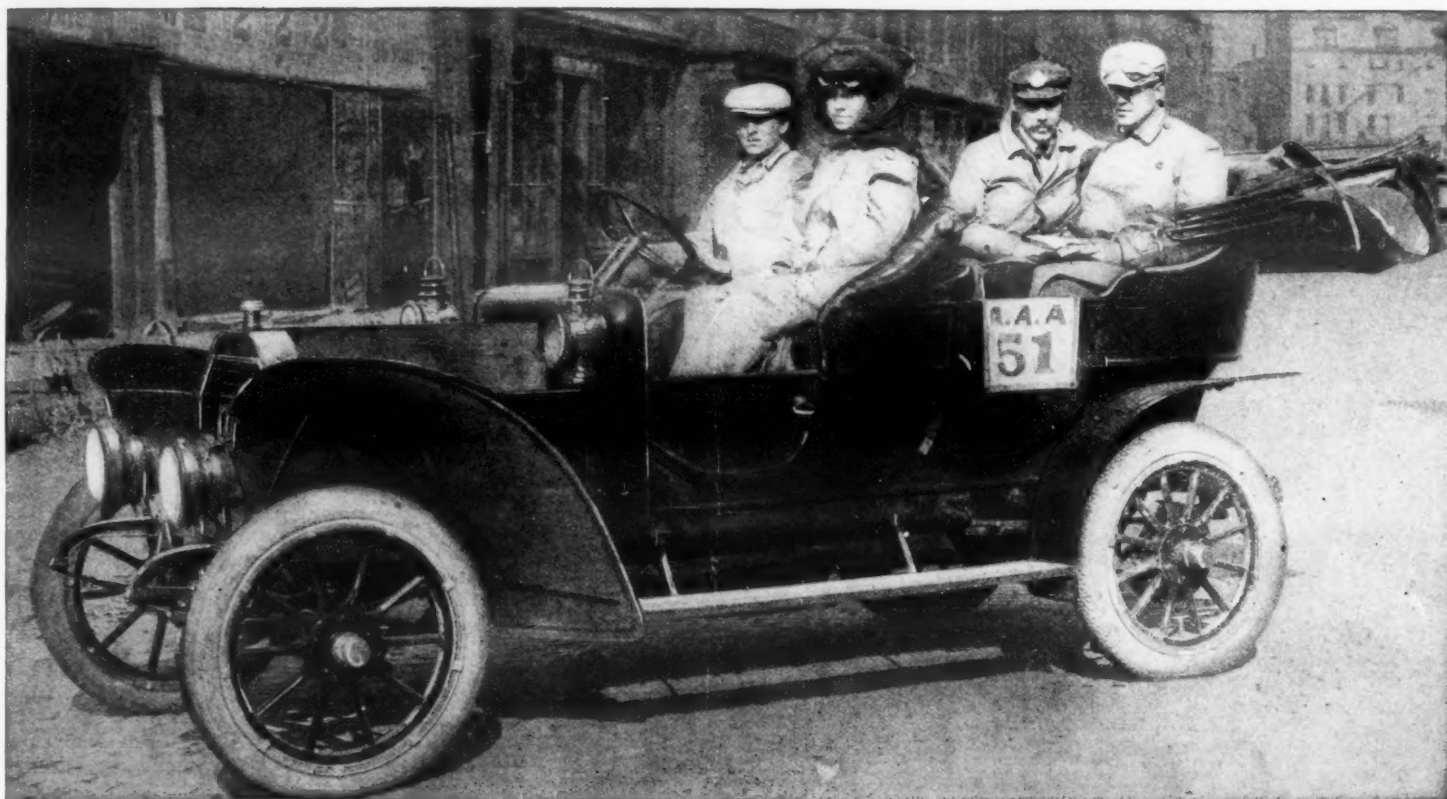
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VOL XXXVIII NO 8

NOVEMBER 17 1906

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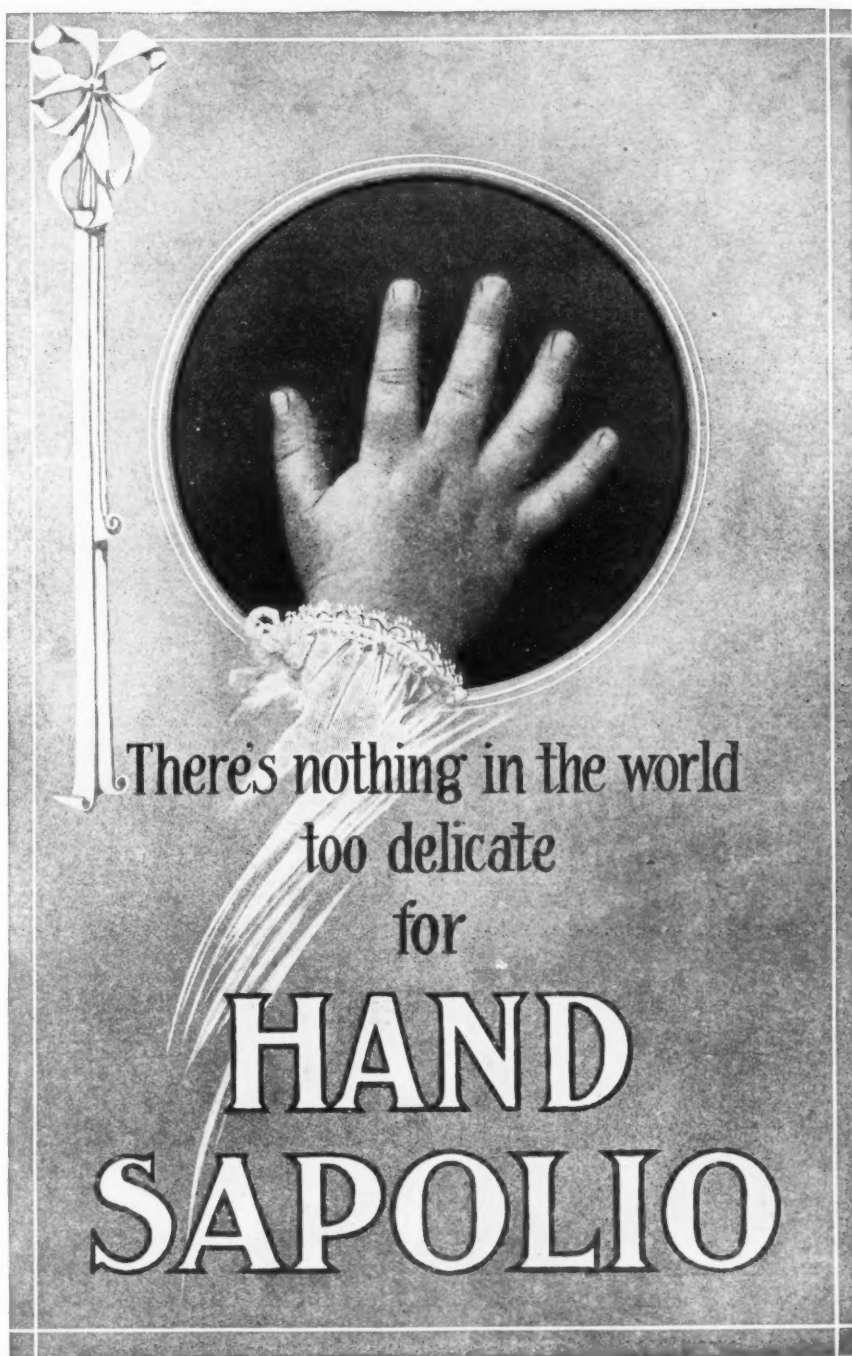
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1906

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Volume XXXVIII Number 8 10 Cents per Copy \$5.20 per Year

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and the International News Company, 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Yonge Street Arcade. Copyright 1906 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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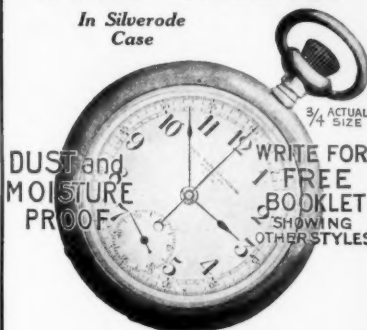
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1906

The President in Panama

THE election is over. Parades and oratory, accusations and excitement, settle into forgetfulness. With a grateful sense of change, we turn to an interesting and picturesque historical event.

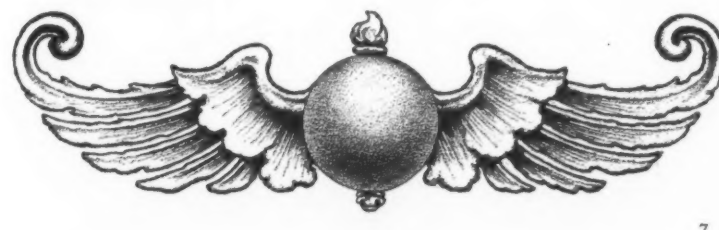
THE President, with a battleship and cruisers, is on his way to Panama. The three days from Nov. 15 to Nov. 18 may fairly be called the most important of his administration. When Hearst is forgotten, when the Railroad Rate bill and the Pure Food law are as commonplace and as much taken for granted as the abolition of slavery, then Roosevelt will be known as the President who built the Panama Canal. That will be his place in history.

THE President knows this. He attaches especial significance to his visit to the Isthmus. This is the great constructive work of his administration. Going to view it with his own eyes is in line with his directness of method, his sending of Root to South America, Taft to Cuba, Metcalf to San Francisco. He wants first-hand information.

WE shall describe this important event with the fulness it deserves. Pictorially, we shall have photographers at every point to picture the President, the crowds, and the ships. The human side of the trip, the events, and the significance of them will be described for us by Mr. Frederick Palmer.

MR. PALMER'S first article will describe our strenuous President in action in a tropical country for three days. His second will deal with the progress of work on the Canal. Mr. Palmer has been there for Collier's before—once last January, and once before work began more than two years ago. Thus he is able to sum up progress.

INCIDENTALLY, our photographers are with the Indians and soldiers in Wyoming and Montana. Events out there have been given far too much of a sensational significance; nevertheless, the occasion gives opportunity for some very interesting photographs of real Indians and real soldiers in action on the Western plains. There has not been a similar chance for sixteen years past, and probably never again will be.



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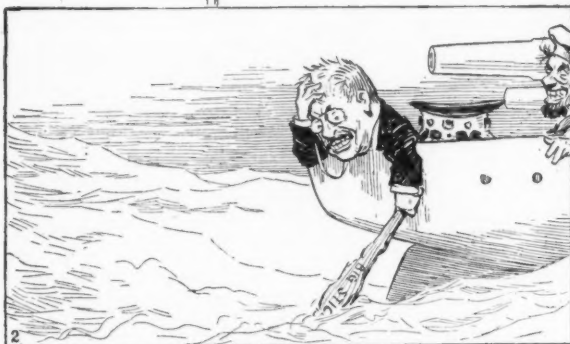
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KING THEODORE'S THANKSGIVING

He goes a great distance to see a hole in the ground and comes home to return thanks



KING THEODORE SETS OUT FOR THE ISTHMUS



AND FINDS IT RATHER ROUGH RIDING



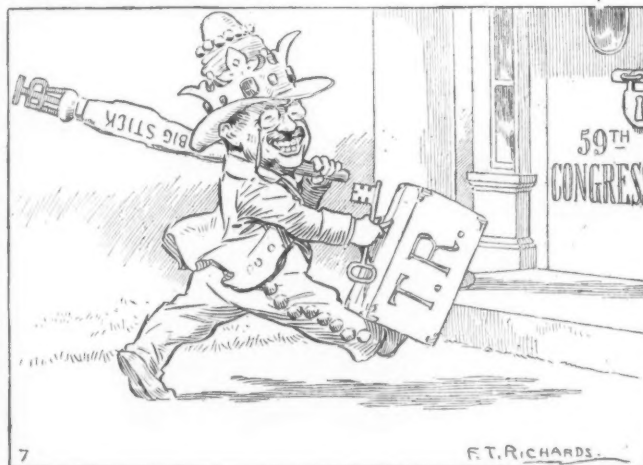
MEANWHILE THE UNSUSPECTING LABORERS ENJOY THE SIMPLE LIFE



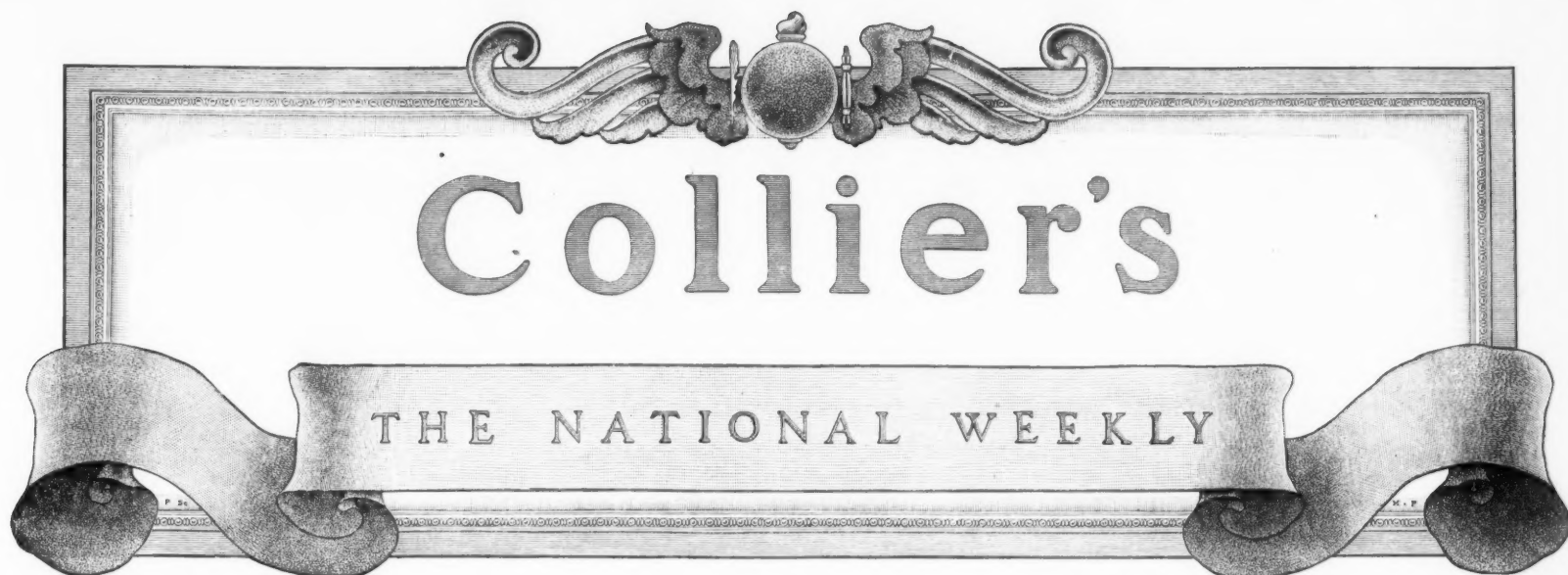
BUT WHEN KING THEODORE ARRIVES HE IS DEE-LIGHTED BY THE MARVELOUS ACTIVITY OF HIS SUBJECTS



HE DINES ON A TENDER CUT FROM PANAMA AND PRONOUNCES IT DEE-LICIOUS



NORMAL CONDITIONS AGAIN PREVAIL ON THE CANAL, AND KING THEODORE, WEARING HIS NEW PANAMA HAT, RETURNS TO OPEN CONGRESS



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WHY NOT REFORM YOURSELF, Mr. HEARST? In all friendliness, we believe it would pay you in the end. You will never be President of the United States. So why not drop that ambition, and all political ambition, and try to do a little good—not showy, self-advertising good, but genuine, moral, lasting good? Why not do one act of beneficence with no advertising tag attached? You are to die some time. In the twenty years which perhaps remain, why not use your wealth, ability, and newspapers to influence this land toward charitableness and honor? Do not call Judge PARKER a cockroach. Tell him kindly what you do not like. Do not say MCKINLEY is a despised and a hated poltroon, ROOSEVELT a loose-tongued demagogue, tax-dodger, and servant of the devil, CLEVELAND a living crime, and HAY a guy. Such a spirit is not Christian. Give some men credit, sometimes, besides yourself, for ordinary human virtue. Try to see to it that the trunks of murderers less often contain collections of your papers. Teach love. Rely on truth. Don't

ADVICE cry "RYAN!" at everybody who opposes you, whether it be Mr. MURPHY one month or Mr. HUGHES another. Don't lie about men to beat them. Beat them, if they deserve defeat, by no weapon but the truth. Ask Mr. BRISBANE to try this principle even in such little matters as printing an old photograph, with smoke added, for the San Francisco fire, or one and the same photograph, in different pages of the very same issue, to represent a clergyman in Pittsburgh and a bogus Baron in New York. Although contempt for truth may be worse in larger matters, it is better not to instill it insidiously even in detail. Try giving up the crude-excitement-at-any-price mode of life, and see what you can do for your country along lines that are consistent with the Ninth Commandment, the Golden Rule, and the Sermon on the Mount. Just so far as you seek personal advantage for yourself will your power for service be diminished. You have shown greater ability to learn than some of the men in your employ. Here's wishing you a better and more truly useful life.

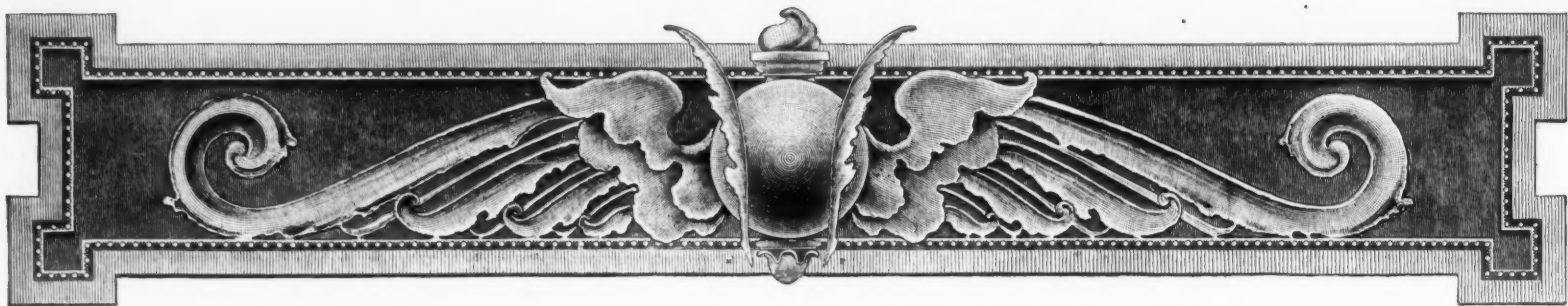
INTELLIGENT RADICALS ought not to be discouraged by the defeat of Mr. HEARST. Had the contest in New York been between an old-line conservative and an honest and able liberal, the progressive candidate would have won by an incalculable majority. Had Governor HIGGINS, for example, run against Judge GAYNOR, or Mayor ADAM, nothing could have saved the Republicans. Honest progress may be rendered more difficult by the vast noise of individuals in search of office, but it will not be made impossible. The election of Mr. HUGHES means that in New York reform, of the kind exemplified by Mr. ROOSEVELT, and by the insurance investigation and legislation, will be carried on under

CHEER UP a Republican label, while the dear old Democracy, having allowed Mr. HEARST to vociferate himself into leadership, will add an inch or two to the ears of the animal which is its so aptly chosen emblem. The Republican politicians in New York were forced to nominate a man whose deeds were a cheerful symptom of advancing justice; they sat back, in grim stupidity, while he fought alone; and the voters of New York decided merely, like American citizens, for self-respecting, fair-minded progress, against trickery, struggle for personal power, and trust in noise. The Democratic Party loses, as usual, but the independent, liberal-minded men in every party will see justice each year made more even, upon this good old sphere, and in this fair land, with its malice toward none, with its confidence in the right, with its hope, its charity, and its faith.

NO REASON EXISTS why COLLIER'S should escape the miscellaneous activities of the Slanderbund. Along with every opponent of that body this newspaper expects its cargo of defamation. The Demosthenes of Boston and the Lincoln-Washington-Jackson-Jefferson of California and New York have exercised their talents at our expense, with the resultant story that we held back a Tobacco Trust exposure at the request of high Republican officials. Mr. MORAN invented a Massachusetts ingredient, as a pretext for his interference, and Mr. HEARST was delighted to punish us for daring to oppose his soaring will. The cold fact is, of course, that all the political aspect of this story is fabricated out of air. **TOBACCO** From us, no Republican official ever heard of our tobacco material. No Republican official ever made any suggestion about its use. We planned, long ago, a history of the Tobacco Trust, to begin early in the autumn. The hand of death was stretched forth to interfere with the progress of our investigation, and we were, and are, unwilling to put forth such an important series until we know that it is correct at every point. It is to be published, with no reference to Slanderbund explosions, when it is ready, and precisely as it was planned. Journalism with us is neither a Fourth of July series of outbursts nor a habit of ruthless injury for our own advantage.

"THE TREASON OF THE SENATE" has come to a close. These articles made reform odious. They represented sensational and money-making preying on the vogue of the literature of exposure, which had been built up by truthful and conscientious work of writers like Miss TARBELL, LINCOLN STEFFENS, and RAY STANNARD BAKER. Mr. PHILLIPS's articles were one shriek of accusation based on the distortion of such facts as were printed, and on the suppression of facts which were essential. This author's unfairness is nowhere better proved than in the chapter which supports his allegations of treason against the Senators from Massachusetts. We have frequent occasion, as our readers know, to condemn with severity the public acts of Senator HENRY CABOT **HIC JACET** LODGE; he has far too kindly a sympathy with the vested interests; but none is more ready than we to deny that that interest is corrupt. Mr. PHILLIPS alleges that "LODGE . . . is a product of the petty grafters, not of the big grafters." He characterizes the Massachusetts Legislature which elected LODGE as one filled with bribery and corruption, and then, with strong implication, avers that "a stream can rise no higher than its source—that is not an axiom of politics only." He charges Senator CRANE, by adroit insinuation, with having betrayed Massachusetts to his financial associates, and to such charges he gives absolutely no support.

A FAITHLESS MEMORY is one of the torments of the possessor's life. In endeavoring to defend Mr. HEARST from the charge of causing the murder of MCKINLEY, we spoke of Czolgosz as foreign born, which he was not. A Polish-American anarchist, he must be attributed to Detroit. Probably our belief that neither Mr. HEARST nor any other leader has yet been able to make that brand of anarchy take root in the United States should not be affected by this fact, for the Czolgosz type is less likely **AMERICAN ANARCHISTS** to reflect Hearstism than something imported from abroad, even if by the preceding generation. All this is said without the slightest intent to criticize our foreign born. Most of these who come here come because they have ideals and the energy to seek freedom and prosperity. America thus far has been rather marvelously successful in encouraging the most valuable qualities



in her immigrants, and softening whatever class hatred they may have brought with them. Mr. HEARST's appeals to class divisions are made for the purpose of securing leadership for himself, but not, we are convinced, for the purpose of ushering in a régime in which recognized forms of argument will include the pistol and the bomb.

ALTHOUGH JOHNNY MORAN has signalized his presence on this earth less by fine deeds or high thoughts than by raw ambition, noise, and protuberances in his head, he did find time, while campaigning for the Governorship of Massachusetts, to put into those defis, with which he made the welkin ring, a grain or two of truth. It is the mixture of truth, indeed, and alas, which gives to many an error the privilege of life, and to many a public gamester his turn in the centre of the stage. Spoke JOHN B., in arguing for repeal of the Legislative Agent act and for enactment of laws making lobbying a crime with imprisonment penalties only, thus: "I imagine I can see 'BILLY' MOODY sitting down with his partner, WARDWELL, going over the planks of the Republican platform, and I can almost hear 'JAKE' WARDWELL, the notorious lobbyist, saying to BILL, 'BILL, from January 1 you cease to hold office and you are going to sit here in the office and work with me. Remember, I am the greatest lobbyist in the State.' . . . And I can imagine MOODY saying: 'All right, JAKE, we will stand by ourselves and we will fool the people.'" And then MORAN told the people that to get an honest Legislature they must drive from the State House WARDWELL and his kind. Mr. MOODY is not a bad man. He is even as many another peaceful citizen. But would it not be as well if he were more strict in his ethics of the bar? In considering Mr. MOODY's fitness for the Supreme Court of the United States, this objection weighs as much as the fact that his standing merely as a lawyer would never have suggested the appointment.

JOHN R. MCLEAN'S usually placid editorial columns are stirred and flurried by the "People's Lobby" recently inaugurated by our neighbor, the "Success" magazine. "It is a piece of impertinence and an act of folly," exclaims Mr. MCLEAN'S Washington "Post." Then the "Post" indulges in a paragraphic slur at "one of the promoters of this insolence," and winds up with the benediction "Great is Sham." All this—over an organization which has declared no greater purpose than to create wider interest in and give wider publicity to news concerning legislation pending in Congress—seems unnecessarily heated. One can only account for such perturbation on the theory that Mr.

MCLEAN sees more in this People's Lobby than does the general public. Does Mr. MCLEAN apprehend, for example, that the People's Lobby may some day look into certain aspects of the Washington Gas Company, owned by Mr. MCLEAN? Does he see in this innocent-seeming organization the menace of a possible inquiry as to whether the Washington Gas Company ever contributed or offered to contribute to the campaign expenses of Congressmen a thousand miles from the District of Columbia? There must be a hidden significance in the event when the Pooh-Bah of the District of Columbia takes time off from managing the Washington "Post," the Washington Gas Company, and the Old Dominion Traction Company, to hurl an editorial thunderbolt at anything so tender and recently incubated as the "People's Lobby."

TO MAKE LIFE HAPPIER is a constant call upon the inventiveness of man. Upon this great mission his ingenuity is eternally at work. Sometimes his many inventions, in accomplishing some step toward the satisfaction of his needs, bring an incidental suffering that was not there before. Thus the shattering attack of noise about our nervous systems results from manufacture, quicker transit, and the habit of living together in cities. In the United States little thus far has been done in mitigation of this evil, but when municipal government is more advanced much will be accomplished. London has new police regulations about noises made by the vibration of motor cars, and the English magistrates are usually willing to enforce what laws they have.

NOISE

One of them recently decided that laws already existing were sufficient to enable him to take notice of the damage resulting from obstreperous dogs and cocks. In our cities we seldom have any resource less cumbrous and uncertain than appealing to the boards of health.

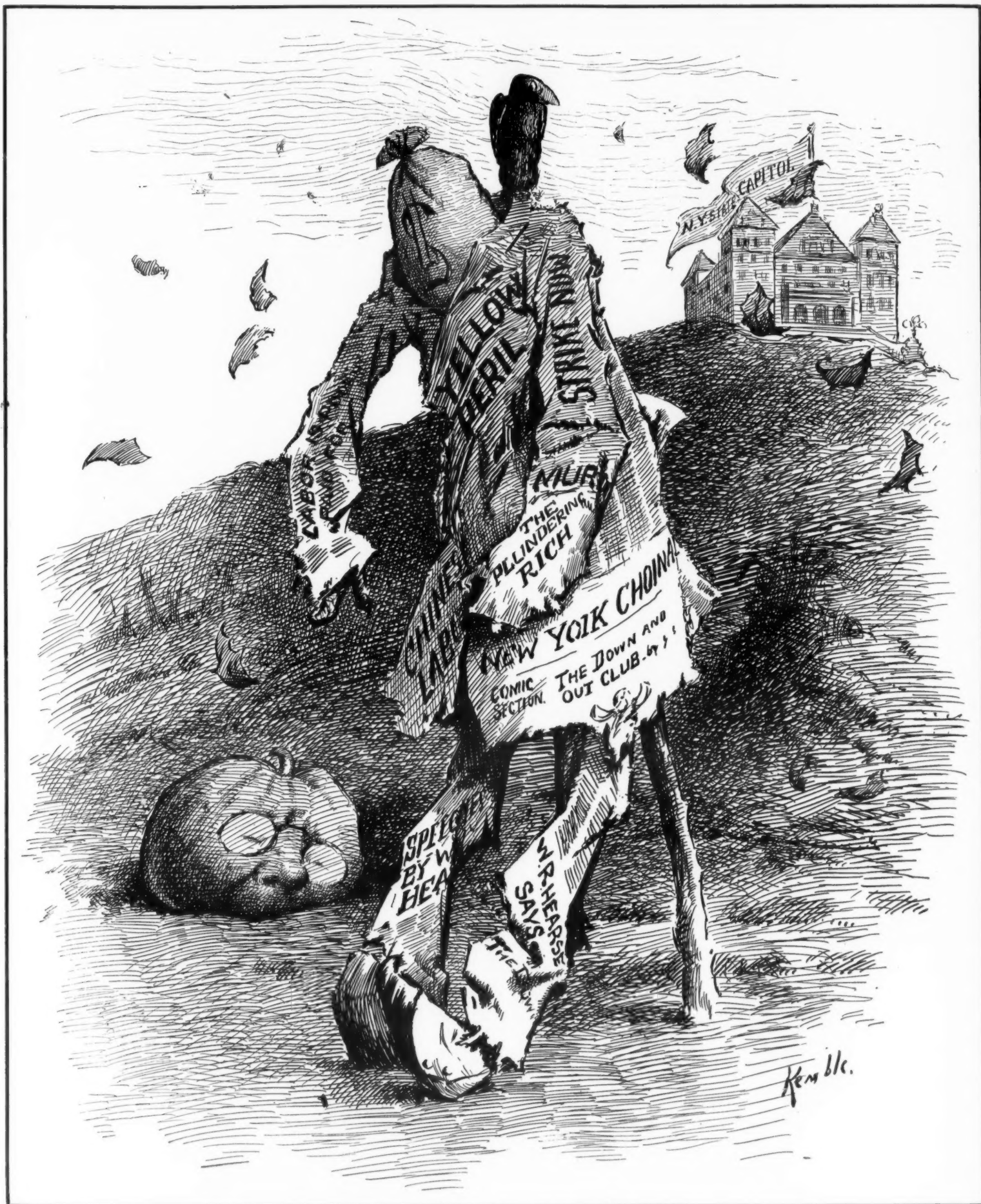
BACTERIA ARE ONE of the most ancient and most universally distributed forms of life. The results of their hidden working have produced some of the most frightening experiences of mankind. They were behind the plagues that confounded the Egyptians, and behind every terrifying epidemic of history. Although the science of bacteriology is not yet fifty years old, it has already made plain many mysteries. More than one class of bacteria have been found to be harmless, even beneficial. In a ferment obtained from micro-organisms which live in milk a French investigator hopes to find a destroyer of the forces which cause senile decay and death from old age. Hence the life-giving virtue of buttermilk, never BACTERIOLOGY to be reiterated too often. The clovers and their kindred derive their power of soil-renovation from the bacteria of their root-nodes, and in that line and others bacteriology is working hand in hand with the world-old art of agriculture. Even those "disease germs" which are styled malignant are losing the power to terrify which followed the discovery of their almost universal presence in food and drink and air. Sickness is often a warning from our friends the bacteria that we are racking the machine by overwork. It is only if the warning is unheeded, and more and more of them flock in, that the life-processes of the human body are retarded.

IF WE ARE TO BELIEVE the poetic chroniclers of Arthurian legend, the days of chivalry were good days for clean amateur sport. The Greeks, on the other hand, were rank professionals in all their games of skill and prowess. When Jason took his baseball team to Colchis he was out for the golden fleece. King Arthur was very strict. Killing dragons out of season was unheard of and knights who justed for cash prizes were promptly ruled off the lists. And yet we can not withhold a suspicion that some scandals were hushed up for the benefit of posterity. Who knows but that the King, on the quiet, hired a professional coach to PROFESSIONALS train his champion tourney team? Or but that the pure Sir Galahad, when the blacksmith bills came in for his fashionable coats of mail, stole away to the provinces and blunted his lance for a purse of \$500? Adequately to compare the vices of medieval and modern athletics might be to prove that the warriors who justed on the lists played foul as often as the heroes who jolt on the gridiron. What we know about contemporary jolting has caused the colleges to revise the rules of football. Could the ghost of EDMUND SPENSER be interviewed on the subject he would doubtless tell us some interesting things about the amateur spirit among *parfait gentil* knights.

SAID THE GREAT PROPHET of Islam: "Teach your children poetry; it opens the mind, lends grace to wisdom, and makes the heroic virtues hereditary." Two parallel streams should constitute education in our day, one including sciences and the search for literal information, the other including those studies which feed the taste and the imagination. Foremost in the second class is poetry. It is the most universal in its scope, the most accessible, and the most direct in its results. As CHARLES ELIOT NORTON used to say (and may perhaps still be saying) every one can have a good library for fifty cents—if that was the price at which a cheap edition of "The Golden Treasury" could then be bought. Noteworthy, indeed, is the fact that the nation which holds the leadership in scientific activities and research, Germany, probably stands first also in cultivation of the human soul through ideas and emotions beautifully set forth. If we consider literature, the stage, music, and the plastic arts, what country brings to them so large a volume of intelligent appreciation? The Germans understand, likewise, that the uses of research are not entirely separate from those of the poetic spirit, but on the contrary have their greatest value in contributions to the imaginative and spiritual life of man.

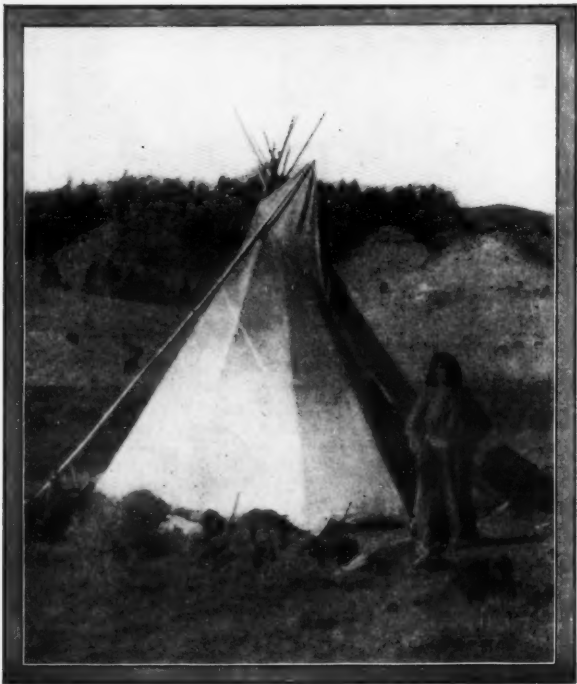
FROM
MOHAMMED

AFTER THE HARVEST



"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year"

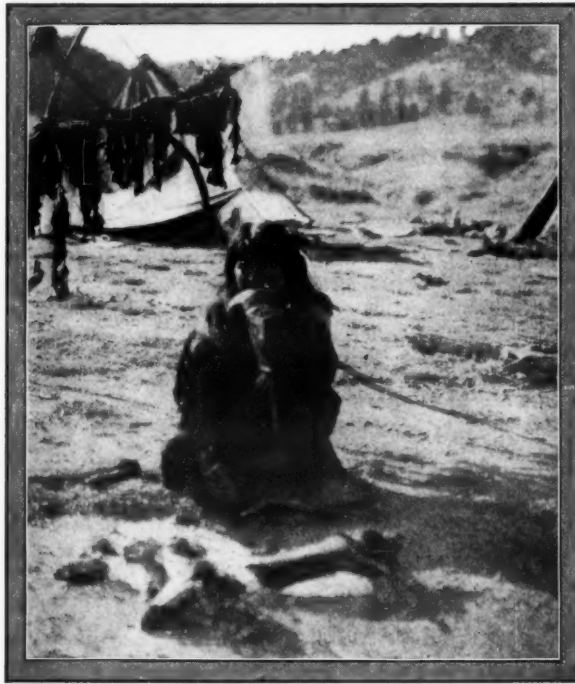
THE UNQUIET UTES



CHIEF RED CROW'S TEPEE



CHIEF RED CROW



SMOKING AND DRYING DEER MEAT

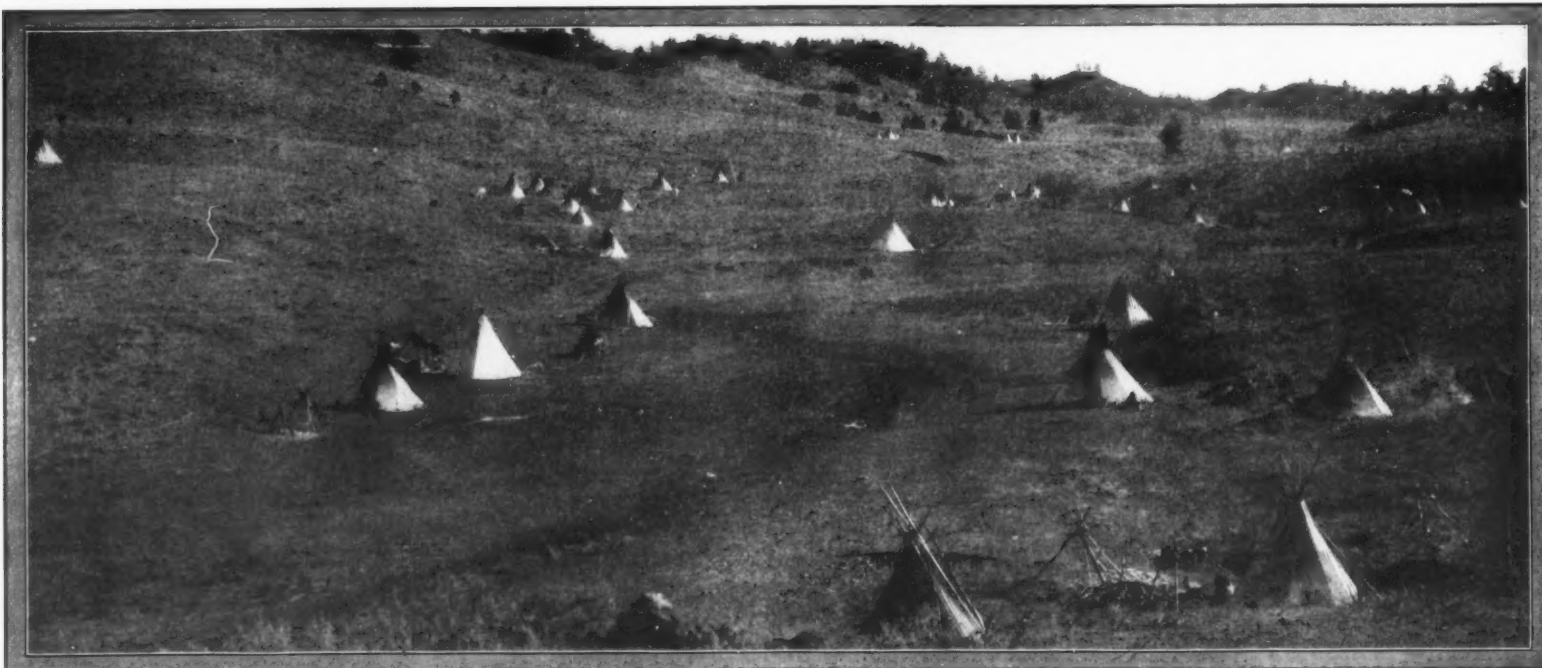
COLLIER'S photographer, T. W. Tolman, writes as follows from a ranch "70 miles from Gillette, Wyoming": "We arrived at the top of the divide above the Indians just before daylight. We could hear them, and some one of their number seemed to be moving from teepee to teepee, and speaking in a loud tone of voice. We kept back out of sight, but after a while I persuaded one of the boys to go with me, and we struck down into the valley to the camp. I didn't know just how the Indians would receive us, but we thought we would chance it. They didn't show any hostile feelings, but I could see that they wished us to move on. However, I went ahead as if everything was all right, and made all the exposures I could. The camp is beautifully situated, a perfectly ideal place. I made a number of negatives of groups and tents as fast as I could and in as great variety as possible. They were killing lots of deer and drying the meat, and squaws were dressing the skins. I made a picture of Red Crow, a chief. He is standing full length. I also photographed squaws and chil-



SQUAWS DRESSING DEERSKINS IN THE UTE CAMP

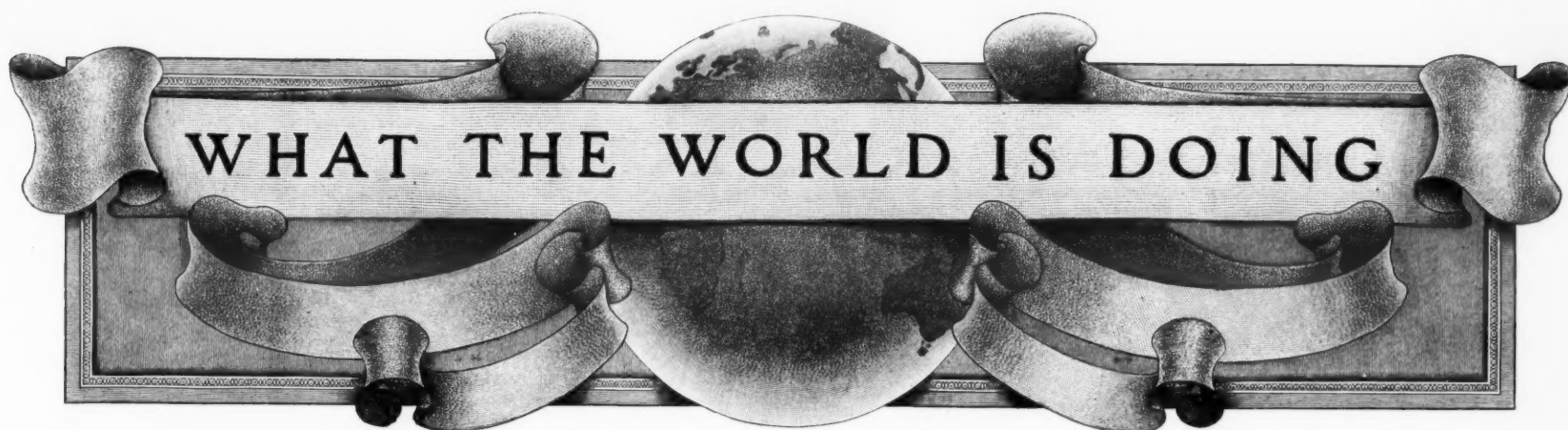
dren, but there was an undercurrent of distrust, and I saw that I had to hurry, and get away. To cap the climax a cowboy came through and told them that the soldiers were only about twenty miles away, and it began to get too hot, so we got on our horses and rode leisurely out of the camp. When we were just outside I heard a noise, and, looking back, saw an Indian coming after us full tilt. He went by, and turned around when thirty or forty feet ahead of us, and when we came up he said: 'You come here to-day—we good. Ranch here, ranch there, white squaw, white papoose,—all good. If soldiers come, we no good then,—giving us to understand that if the soldiers came the ranchers and their families were no longer safe. He said: 'You tell soldiers,' and then he pointed up the trail, and said: 'Now you go'—and we did so.

"If these films turn out well I shall consider it very lucky, for I do not think it would be safe to go to-morrow, if the soldiers do not come; but after the five hundred soldiers come I will go right back to the camp and get as many pictures as I can."



A PORTION OF THE UTE CAMP IN THE POWDER RIVER COUNTRY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. W. TO MAN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE FIELD



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

ROOSEVELT STILL THE LEADER

IN the elections of November 6 there were forty-two local and two national issues. The two national issues were Roosevelt and Hearst, and Roosevelt won. Never has the overpowering popularity of a President been so mercilessly worked and so recklessly strained. When Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia abandoned the reformers and went over to the ring, he urged the election of the gang tickets, State Capitol scandals and all, to sustain Roosevelt. Senator Dryden told the voters of New Jersey that if they wanted to stand by Roosevelt they must elect Dryden men to the Legislature. The President himself sent Secretary Root to marshal the citizens of New York for Hughes and Secretary Taft to help the party of polygamy against the party of riot in Idaho. In every Congressional district in the Union the Republican candidate, whether he stood for tariff revision or for Dingleyism naked and unashamed, for corporate regulation or for the unchecked rule of the trusts, found his strongest card the assertion that a vote against him would be a vote against Theodore Roosevelt.

The Roosevelt issue was felt in every State; the Hearst issue was directly voted upon in only four States, although its influence extended into many others. But these four, scattered over the continent by the Atlantic, the Great Lakes, and the Pacific, were enough of themselves to make it of national scope. In all of them—New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, and California—Hearst was beaten. His own personal run for Governor of New York was so sensational that it attracted the attention of the civilized world, and its outcome left him, even in defeat, a power and a portent.

Hearst's Lone Hand

In spite of the defection of Democrats by scores of thousands, with almost all the old leaders of his party secretly or openly hostile, and with practically no newspaper support but his own, he carried by nearly a hundred thousand plurality the cities that contain a large majority of the population of the State. He was beaten only by the farmers whom his singularly effective propaganda had not been able to reach, but who may yet be reached by it if the financial powers who have made Hearst possible continue to give him new ammunition.

Some measure of the Democratic defection caused by Mr. Hearst's personality may be found in the extent to which he ran behind his ticket. Of course, the majority of the Democrats who revolted against Hearst threw over the whole ticket along with him, but there were enough who discriminated against him personally to account for the entire Hughes plurality, leaving the contest on the rest of the tickets so close as to let most of the Democratic candidates in. The Tammany machine seemed at first sight to be loyal to Hearst, who carried New York County by 63,312, the normal Democratic plurality. Hearst carried every borough in the greater city, including even Brooklyn, where the Democratic machine, under the notorious boss McCarren, had bolted. His plurality in the whole city was 76,956. That would have been

all that Murphy and the other leaders could have been reasonably expected to deliver, had it not been contrasted with the stupendous majorities given to the other Democratic candidates. Mr. Chanler, for Lieutenant-Governor, carried the greater city by no less than 134,940; Jackson, for Attorney-General, by 139,328, and Skene, for State Engineer, by 144,188, the greatest plurality ever won by a candidate of any party in a contested election in any city in America. Mr. Skene ran ahead of Hearst by 67,232 votes. Such figures are not explicable by anything but widespread treachery, especially as they were purely local, with nothing corresponding to them in any other part of the State. Even after this wholesale slashing, Mr. Hearst's majority in the metropolis was respectable, but notwithstanding the fact that the labor vote gave him many normally Republican cities up the State he was unable to overcome the enormous majorities of the rural counties for Hughes, whose net plurality on the whole vote was about 58,000.

The tremendous strength displayed by the Democratic ticket in New York under such adverse circumstances makes it evident that if any ordinary Republican had been nominated for Governor Hearst would have been handsomely elected. Hughes was the one man capable of averting the complete wreck of his party. It is also evident that even Hughes is on trial, and that if he fails to meet the expectations of those who believed him to be a more trustworthy leader in the war against financial crime than Mr. Hearst, no appeals of the "safe, sane, and respectable" elements will have a hearing from the people next time.

In Massachusetts the Hearst understudy, Moran, was slaughtered by Governor Guild, who secured a plurality of 31,662. Here again personalities played an important part on both tickets, for the Republican plurality on Lieutenant-Governor was only 9,779. In Illinois there was a great Republican majority in the State, and the Hearst Independence League candidates in Chicago made a wretched showing. In the three-cornered contest in California the Hearst candidate for Governor, Langdon, ended third. The successful Republican candidate, Gillett, owed his nomination to Boss Ruef and the Southern Pacific Railroad, but he is said to be personally a man of independence and character. Although Ruef had fastened his clutches on the machinery of both parties to an extent almost unexampled in American politics, the people of San Francisco succeeded in beating most of his judicial nominees.

Pennsylvania has recovered from her brief orgy of reform and settled down into her accustomed gang sobriety. Even the discovery of nine million dollars' worth of pig-metal electroliters, plaster marble, and atmospheric mahogany in the State Capitol has not prevailed against the appeal to stand by President Roosevelt, the defection of Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia and fifty thousand votes thrown away on a Prohibition candidate who was last year one of the most effective fighters against the ring. The Republican organization has elected its State ticket by a plurality of something like

75,000, and its District Attorney in Philadelphia by 12,124.

Ohio, which tried a Democratic experiment last year, is again heavily Republican this year, as are most of the Northern States. But it is plain that almost the only tie that holds the discordant Republicans of the country together is the name of Roosevelt. Party watchwords have lost their power. Independent voting has become the rule. Rhode Island, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Nevada elected Democratic Governors, while all but the last chose Republican State officers. In New Jersey the Republican Party, but not the Republican machine, managed to squeeze out a bare majority in the Legislature. The machine's victory over the reformers in the primaries in Essex and Hudson Counties was amply avenged at the polls. While the Republicans will probably be able to elect a United States Senator, the indications are that it will not be Dryden. Oklahoma will come into the Union as a Democratic State. Arizona has refused joint Statehood with New Mexico.

For the rest of his term President Roosevelt is assured of a Republican Congress. He is the only President since the Civil War, except McKinley, who has had the advantage of having working majorities of his political friends in both houses throughout his entire official period. The Republican majority in the House has been reduced from 114 to 56, but this reduction of an unwieldy bulk is a party advantage.

Exit Fat-Fryer Babcock

Babcock, so long the fat-fryer of the Republican Congressional Committee, whose dealings with franchise corporations in the District of Columbia invited so much uncomplimentary comment, was beaten in Wisconsin. Mr. Wadsworth of New York, who tried to protect the Beef Trust from effective regulation, was beaten on that issue by an opponent who took a cow as his battle symbol. Minnesota threw out the Bourbon stand-patter, McCleary. The Socialists in Illinois came near to electing their first member of Congress. It was expected that there would be another, Morris Hillquit, in New York, but Tammany managed to hold the seat.

The Democrats have gained Congressional seats in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. The Republicans made gains in two districts of Kentucky. Speaker Cannon has been elected for the seventeenth time by his usual majority. The efforts of Mr. Gompers to mass the labor vote against obnoxious candidates has not produced perceptible results. The net result of the whole nation-wide contest is that Theodore Roosevelt is more distinctly the leader, not only of his party but of the whole country, than ever before. If there is a Republican majority in Congress, it is because he put it there. If he has ever thought it necessary to subordinate his own convictions to stand-pat expediency, the supposed necessity no longer exists. Where he leads, his Congress will have to follow.

A TURN AT REACTION

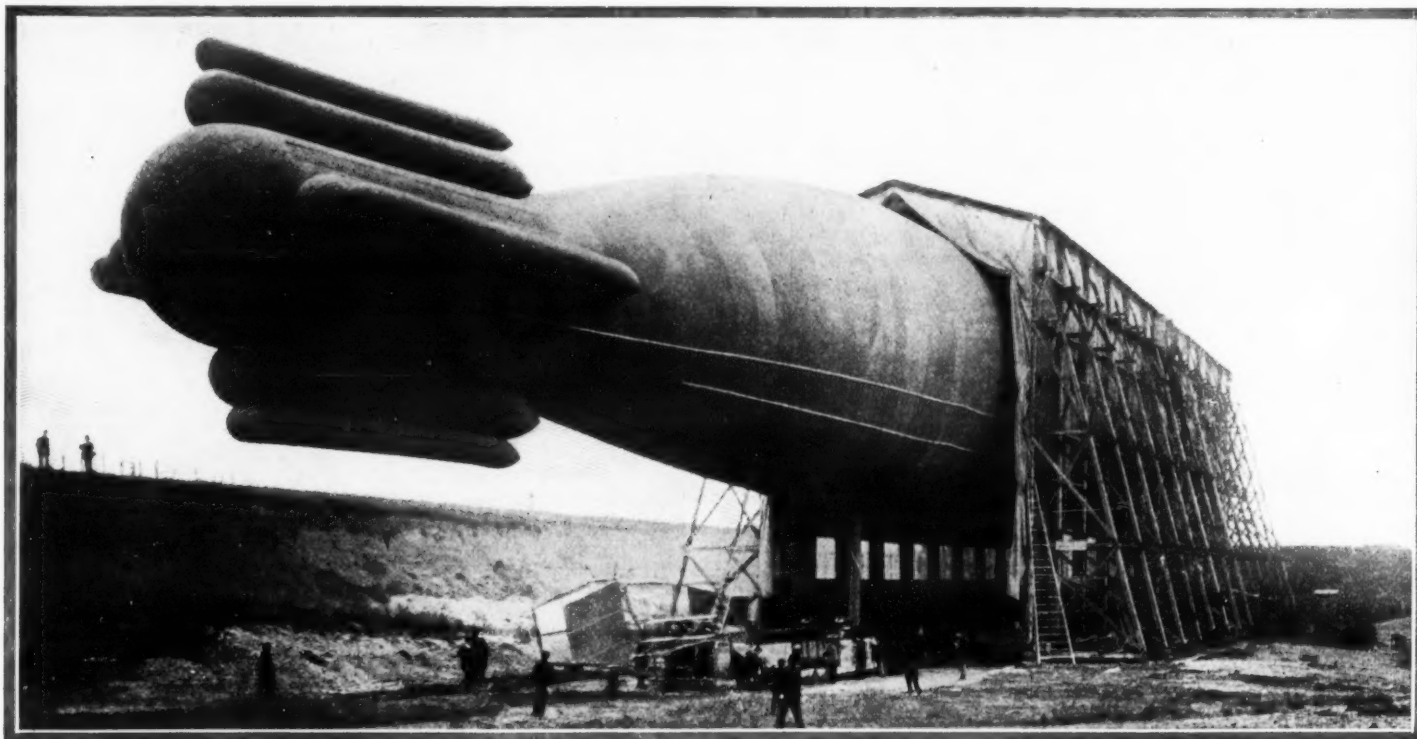
WHEN people have been going ahead too fast and too long they get tired, and the desire for rest overcomes them. Such a time seems to have come in Russia, and the recent local elections show that it has come in England. The division of municipal parties in London is between the "Progressives" and the "Moderates," who now call themselves "Municipal Reformers," the former wishing to carry on the policy of social improvement through municipal enterprise, the latter to check it. The Progressives hitherto have been much stronger than the national Liberals, holding London regularly in local elections while the Conservatives have captured it almost as constantly in national contests. Now London has suddenly turned reactionary. In the elections for Borough Councils on November 2 the "Reformers"

Washington, while Peary's raid would have reached a point between Washington and Baltimore. If there had been a mountain like Shasta at the Pole, Peary could have seen it on a clear day.

It appears that the open winter which made so much trouble for American housekeepers, and so much profit for the Ice Trust, was felt all the way to the end of the earth's axis. The ice over which Peary had a right to expect a solid roadway to the Pole heaved and drifted. It carried him aside faster than he could travel ahead. Between 84 and 85 degrees of latitude there was open water, and this in an Arctic winter. Beyond 85 a gale broke up the ice, destroyed the caches, cut off communications, and carried the sledge party due east. The easterly drift continued during the whole trip. Before Peary turned back he had traveled over the floes of the Arctic Ocean more than two hundred miles from land. On the return journey there was more open water. Finally, after eating eight dogs, the party reached Greenland, Peary's old stamping ground, and, as had been expected, found musk oxen, which kept the men alive while they made

THE JAPANESE ISSUE

THE vigorous measures taken by the Administration to make it clear that it had no sympathy with the discrimination against the Japanese in the public schools of San Francisco were warmly welcomed in Japan, and had the happiest effect in dissipating anti-American feeling. But the authorities of San Francisco have shown no sign of any intention to yield to the President's wishes, and President Altman of the Board of Education has said that the State law on the subject of separate schools will be obeyed to the letter until annulled by the courts. An additional reason alleged by the opponents of the Japanese in San Francisco for wishing them kept out of the white schools is that many of them are grown men who ought not to be associated with children. Attorney General Moody has instructed the United



ONE OF THE NOVELTIES ENGENDERED BY THE AERIAL NAVIGATION CRAZE

Henri Deutsch's curious airship, the "Ville de Paris," an elaborate arrangement of gasbags, which made its first public appearance at Sartrouville, near Paris, October 25

carried 1,011 seats, against 351 for the Progressives, Independents, and Labor men. The municipal elections throughout England on the same day showed great Liberal losses and Conservative gains, as well as a slight gain for the Independent Labor party.

NEARER THE POLE

ALTHOUGH Commander Peary has failed to win the supreme prize of the world's Arctic competition, he has made a new record that leaves all others in the shade. A despatch from Hopedale, Labrador, dated November 2, brought the news that on a sledge dash in February Peary reached 87 degrees 6 minutes north latitude, 38.79 statute miles beyond the point reached by Captain Cagni, of the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition, in 1900. He was the first man in the world's history to cross the 87th parallel of latitude and approach within three degrees of the pole. Before his achievement there was a circle of about 180,000 square miles surrounding the North Pole—or say the area of Spain—within which no explorer had ever set foot. Peary at one stroke has lopped off over fifty thousand square miles from that virgin space on the map, and reduced the unexplored circle to a trifle over the size of New Mexico. If we imagine the Pole to be at New York, the party of the Duke of the Abruzzi, advancing from the south would have come not quite as far north as

their way along the coast to their ship. On the voyage home the explorer's ship, the *Roosevelt*, had "an incessant battle with ice, storms, and head winds," but Peary was enthusiastic over her qualities as a "magnificent fighter and seaboat."

"The test of life," says the philosopher, "isn't in holding a good hand, but in playing a poor hand well." Nature dealt Peary a poor hand, but he played it magnificently. He took his party over treacherous ice fields drifting on an unknown ocean without losing a man or having even a case of illness. He proved that the fearful tragedies that have darkened so many attempts to reach the Pole are not necessary accompaniments of Arctic exploration. He accomplished the extraordinary feat of going from Labrador to within three degrees of the Pole and back again in fifteen months. He has proved that a dash to the Pole by the route he adopted is possible in a favorable season, but at the same time, by abolishing the theory of the "Paleocrystic Sea," with its eternal ice, he has made it appear that success would be more probable by the drifting plan adopted by Nansen in the *Fram*. The currents of the Arctic Ocean are becoming so well known that it should soon be possible to put a ship into one that would carry her directly over the Pole. Since there is no reason to suppose that there is any land in the circumpolar regions, or even any permanently stationary ice, the plan of making a gradual approach to the goal by establishing a series of communicating stations will have to be abandoned. But while we are waiting for a new plan to be developed the way is clear for Wellman to win the great prize next summer with his airship.

States District Attorney in California to give his aid to the attorneys for the Japanese pushing the test case now pending in the Circuit Court. A report that a Japanese officer had been arrested for sketching fortifications at Manila was denied.

A COLONIAL STORM

NEWFOUNDLAND refuses to be reconciled to the *modus vivendi* arranged between the British Government and the United States for the regulation of the fisheries. The whole question would have been amicably settled by the reciprocity treaty which was mutilated by the United States Senate. Having failed to induce the Senate to take a broad-minded view of the question, the Administration had to secure the rights of American fishermen by a temporary arrangement with Great Britain.

Although the Newfoundland Ministry had been kept advised of the negotiations with the United States at every stage, the Bond organs lashed themselves into a fury, calling upon the people to rise and defend their rights as if the Goths and Vandals had been at the gates of the capital of the ancient colony. Finally the Newfoundland authorities decided to enforce their own rules in defiance of the Imperial Government and its *modus vivendi*. They issued an official notice on the last day of October, requiring obedience to the local Bait Act,



THE CULEBRA CUT AND TYPICAL QUARTERS BUILT BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR CANAL EMPLOYEES

To those who are acquainted with the hotels and lodging-houses of the Caribbean these airy and sanitary quarters with their screened porches and hygienic arrangements such as even Panamanians of the better classes seldom have found necessary, seem palatial enough. In houses similar to these hundreds of West Indian negroes and their families have had their first experience of anything more luxurious than a mud floor and roof of thatch. Many of the engineers and clerks have brought their families with them, and the first glimpse of some of these settlements along the line of the canal is not unlike that of a suburban seaside town in the North

and they allowed it to be known that Newfoundland fishermen who shipped on American vessels outside the three-mile limit would be prosecuted on their return, although the agreement between the United States and Great Britain expressly provided that such acts should not be punished. Between the selfish and short-sighted opposition of the Gloucester fishing interests to a reasonable reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland, and the heedless resentment of the dealers who control the Newfoundland Government we are threatened with a mischievous and totally unnecessary international quarrel.

THE EDDY MYSTERY

THE New York "World" created a commotion among the believers in Christian Science on October 28 by publishing a story to the effect that Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of the cult, was in a state of collapse at her home in Concord, New Hampshire, that she was suffering from cancer as well as senile decay, that she was secretly visited by a cancer specialist every week, that she was impersonated by another woman in the daily drives she was supposed to take through the town, that she was absolutely controlled by a group of designing persons, headed by her "footman-secretary," Calvin A. Frye, and that her fortune of \$15,000,000 and her income of a million a year had practically disappeared. Upon the heels of this publication Concord was flooded with reporters sent to secure a confirmation or disproof of the story. Prominent representatives of the Christian Science faith gave emphatic denials, but the reporters refused to accept anything but a personal interview with Mrs. Eddy. At last an appearance was arranged. On October 30 eleven newspaper representatives were admitted to the parlors at Pleasant View. The "World" reporter was excluded. At the proper moment a portière was drawn back and Mrs. Eddy was visible, standing at the foot of the stairs. Three prepared questions were put to her. To the first: "Are you in perfect bodily health?" she answered: "Indeed I am." To the second question: "Have you any other physician than God?" the reply was: "No physician but God. His everlast-

ing arms are around me." The third question: "Do you drive daily?" brought the answer: "Yes." To these three queries, prepared by Mrs. Eddy's associates, the reporters had insisted upon adding a fourth: "Does any one besides yourself administer your property or attend to your business affairs?" The question was put, but not answered. The whole interview lasted fifty-five seconds.

The general impression produced by this exhibition upon the witnesses was that Mrs. Eddy was at least as decrepit as her eighty-six years entitled her to be, although her representatives asserted that she worked at her desk every day, and some especially favored witnesses were permitted to see her walk downstairs without assistance. No light was thrown upon the question of her alleged subjection to her attendants, and the disposition of her property. It was asserted later that a number of earnest Christian Scientists had determined to make a searching investigation of the financial side of the Eddy ménage, and that they had consulted lawyers with this end in view, but this was subsequently denied. Mr. Alfred Farlow, of the Christian Science literary bureau, issued a statement on November 1 asserting that Mrs. Eddy

had never received a cent from the church except \$5,000 given her for services in connection with the new building in Boston, and that her fortune, large or small, was entirely her own affair, consisting of "legitimate wages as a teacher of Christian Science and the profits on her books." The question of how much these legitimate wages and profits might amount to was not discussed, since the matter was treated as none of the public's business. It had been said at various times that Mrs. Eddy's money had been dispensed in charity, but no record of any large charitable gift has been produced.

LAURIER STILL ON TOP

THE Laurier Government in Canada has found something more than a straw of encouragement in the by-elections in North Bruce, Ontario, on October 30, and in Shelburne-Queens, Nova Scotia, the next day. John Tolmie, the Liberal candidate at North Bruce, won the seat by a majority of 450 over A. McClelland, Conservative. At the general election in 1904, which was a national Liberal sweep, the Conservatives carried North Bruce by 105. The constituency had been Conservative, although by very small margins, for a quarter of a century. The last Liberal victory there had been in 1878, by a majority of 156, and in the whole history of Canada since Confederation there had never been such a majority for either party as was given to Mr. Tolmie the other day. This success was won in the face of the London election scandals, which had been expected to prove a serious embarrassment to the Laurier Government. The Conservative candidate had tried to make an issue on the question of two-cent fares on railroads, but had failed to stir the public on the subject. One lesson of the election is held to be that, in the opinion of the voters of North Bruce, the tariff is high enough. A few more such verdicts, it is thought, would make the Government feel safe in resisting the demand of the manufacturers for more protection. At Shelburne-Queens Mr. Fielding, the Dominion Minister of Finance, who had been unseated, was reelected by a majority of 1,026—nearly three times his majority in the general election of 1904.



WASHINGTON HONORED IN HUNGARY'S CAPITAL

This statue of Washington, erected through the contributions of residents of the United States of Hungarian birth, was unveiled September 16. It was a testimonial of appreciation of the welcome extended to Kossuth by Americans in 1851. The idea took form at the dedication of the monument to Kossuth in Cleveland some years ago.

WHOSE LAKE IS THE PACIFIC?

Our harbors in Hawaii and at Guam are undefended; Manila is only partially defended. There is not a single United States coast artilleryman outside of North America. In the event of war with Japan we would have to withdraw from the East before overwhelming numerical superiority; when our fleets returned to the attack, Japan would be occupying our coaling stations

By **FREDERICK PALMER**

AS there is no great native African empire the local issue of Jim Crow cars does not assume an international aspect. When the color is yellow, and those who are yellow are Japanese, the situation is different, as we learned when San Francisco decided to send her Orientals to a separate school.

To nine hundred and ninety-nine Americans out of a thousand such a distinction in a country of free institutions is wicked and ridiculous. However, according to the way that we play the game, this is San Francisco's own business. The average American citizen is used to local self-government and not to having a governor sent down from the capital to rule him. Japan has reminded us that San Francisco's business is also the nation's business. She demands that we fulfil those treaty obligations which require that all Japanese subjects shall receive the same treatment as American citizens.

Morally, we are guilty of subjecting the subjects of one of the greatest civilized nations in the history of man to the same treatment as the American savage. We condemn them to association with other Orientals whom they regard as their inferiors. Politically, we are in the position of sending a United States Cabinet officer across the country to plead with a local school board to rescind one of its acts. Such utter decentralization is as incomprehensible to the average Japanese mind as the real meaning of the notice which Japan has served upon us is to the average American mind. In Japan, if it had suited his purpose, the Prime Minister would have sent word to the local school board to make an apology.

A Cabinet officer who temporarily gains the point which Japan has made by no means settles the question permanently. Japan has laid her finger on a source of irritation whose harassing growth is dependent upon the attitude of the Japanese Government itself and the people of the Pacific Coast. We have no exclusion law against the Japanese, but there has been an exclusion policy in Japan. In the days when Japan wanted our friendship and was laying her plans for the conflict with Russia, she foresaw this danger which it may now be her pleasure to augment. It was the understanding of all her statesmen that the emigration of Japanese to the United States should be kept at a minimum.

Let the Japanese Government open the gates, and what is now a tiny stream will become a flood. Japan's population increases by six hundred thousand a year. If two or three hundred thousand a year of the excess should come to the United States in addition to the million or more from Europe, our capacity for absorption would be still further taxed.

When the people of the Pacific Coast are hostile to the Japanese they are expressing the very characteristic which is the predominant one of the Japanese themselves. The Japanese Government has left no stone unturned to drive foreign business men out of Japan. Although we who live in our Dingley-built house of glass need throw no stones, it is noteworthy that Japan has taxed all articles which foreigners exclusively consume from one hundred to four hundred per cent. If Americans emigrated to Japan in the

same number as the Japanese are emigrating to America, they would receive the social treatment of a company of pariahs.

In speaking with a Japanese once I reminded him of this racial characteristic. He said that certainly the Japanese wanted no admixture of theirs with any foreign race. They were too proud of their own civilization and their own ways. Then I asked him if he could censure the attitude of the American workman in San Francisco.

"No," he said, "not in the least. Only when I come from a crowded country to yours, where there is so much room and so much wealth, I can not blame my countrymen for coming. Can you? Or for standing on their rights as long as there is enough power and valor in Japan to uphold them?"

With unusual candor in the politest of peoples he had precisely expressed the matter-of-factness of the most ambitious of nations.

The Japanese in San Francisco is becoming a storekeeper and contractor who undersells his American rival. Workmen are more bitter against him than against the Chinese, because of his superior enterprise and his unrelenting assertion of equality.

Our habits of extravagance make it seem unsportsmanlike that we should be beaten in competition for our daily bread by the economies of a little man who finds as much fun in making a landscape on a platter as in taking the wife and kids to the theatre.

The Feeling Under the Japanese Skin

The increase of Japanese immigration can only mean an increase of racial prejudice on the Pacific Coast, and the immigrants will be quick to appeal to their home Government on any provocation.

While we were wrought to a high pitch over Hearst, the question of the hour in Tokyo was the exclusion of Japanese children from San Francisco schools. Little attention was paid to the killing of the Japanese poachers in Bering Sea by our officers. But the inference that any Japanese was anybody's racial inferior instantly aroused the Japanese nation.

The traveler in Japan is so frequently told that Japan does not want the Philippines that he suspects the Japanese mind of dwelling on the subject overmuch. The Japanese are a warlike race. They are flushed with victory. No sooner had they finished the war with China than they began to prepare for war with Russia. Since the Treaty of Portsmouth it has been the talk of the Far East that they would turn their attention to us, and they have steadily augmented their military strength. Just in the same way as the Japanese masses thought that Russia had robbed them of the fruits of their victory over China, so to-day they think that the good offices of President Roosevelt robbed them of an enormous indemnity. The truth is, as statesmen know, that his action came at a very happy time for Japan. But the Oriental statesman is as little inclined as our own to shift to his shoulders blame which is already placed elsewhere.

If George Dewey had been ordered to sail away from Manila Bay after he had sunk Montojo's squadron Japan would not have made her representations to

Washington in such a determined fashion. We have some Asiatic islands which are in line with the spread of the Eastern Island Empire; therefore, we are vulnerable. If Japan should declare war on us tomorrow she would find us worse prepared for the defense of the Philippines than Russia was for the defense of the Liaotung Peninsula. Japan is ready to act at a moment's notice. She works with the same quiet unity of purpose toward a national policy that Harriman does toward the capture of a railroad. While we are not thinking of the Philippines at all she may be thinking of them very hard. When we lose command of the Pacific Alaska as well as the islands is cut off.

Should such a crisis arise, the question would be one of guns and ships. There are no battleships for sale on the open market. Wealth will no more buy them in a hurry than shares in a water company will quench your thirst if you are in the middle of the Sahara. In a crisis their need is as pressing as that of a tourniquet when an artery is cut.

Now, this article is not faint-hearted or meant in any sense as a "war-scare" sensation. Nor am I revealing any State or military information which is not as well known to the Japanese as to the American Government. My object is to inform the public of a situation in a country where public opinion rules.

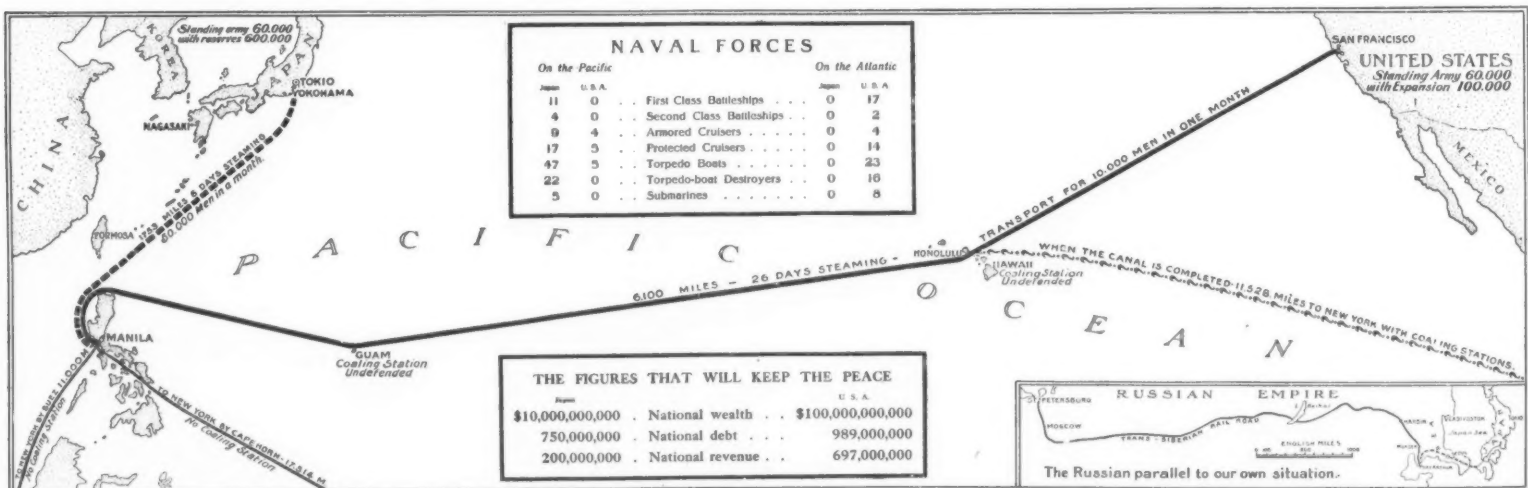
The Philippine Islands have cost us \$400,000,000 thus far, and we have not yet provided for their defense or decided what we are going to do with them. The lesson of Rojestvensky's effort to go from the Baltic to Tsushima without coaling stations seems to have been lost on our national Legislature.

Within 1,700 miles of Manila is the home base of the concentrated Japanese fleet. Our fleet on the Atlantic is 17,314 miles away from Manila by Suez and about 11,000 miles away by Cape Horn. It would have to make a longer voyage than Rojestvensky did. On the way the only coaling station and drydocks would be by the Cape Horn route—and those at San Francisco. Coaling stations and drydocks mean to the man-of-war what food and sleep do to the soldier.

The only use of the stations at Manila and in Hawaii would be to fill the enemy's bunkers. Thanks to Congressional delay there is not a single gun emplaced at Hawaii, at Guam, or at Kiska Island in Alaska. Some batteries have been emplaced at Manila; but there is not a single coast artilleryman in any of our Pacific dependencies.

The difference between an adequately defended harbor and an inadequately defended harbor is the difference between holding a doorway against a thug with a revolver and with your arms tied behind you. Our regulars have no superior man to man; our ships have no superior ship to ship—no equal, I think with confidence as an American. But our San Francisco gunners can not defend Manila and our ships can not keep their bottoms clean without drydocks or run without coal. For the guns we have ready in the United States we need forty-five thousand men, and we have only ten thousand.

If Japan made war on us tomorrow she could reach Manila in six days with eleven battleships and six armored cruisers. Before our Atlantic fleet could reach Cape Horn she could put a fully equipped army



STRATEGIC MAP OF OUR PACIFIC DEPENDENCIES IN RELATION TO JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

corps of over forty thousand men into the Philippines. Against overwhelming naval odds our four armored cruisers, which are en route to the Far East, would have to seek a rendezvous with the Atlantic fleet. The big floating drydock which was towed via Suez would probably have to be destroyed or fall into the hands of the enemy. Our ten thousand infantry and cavalry scattered over the islands would be besieged.

By the time our fleet had arrived Japan would have made a naval base at Manila or Subig Bay and would be standing ready in her own doorway to receive the stranger. We would have absolutely no harbor which we could enter. She would choose her time and place for the fight, allowing us to stew on the tropical sea and use up our coal supply. All the advantages of position Togo had over Rojestvensky he would have over us. The confidence of the Japanese is enormous. According to naval precedent under such a handicap

we ought to outnumber the Japanese by four to three, which is the present ratio of our superiority. After we had won we would be securing only the islands we had lost—and lost because we had not made Manila a secure harbor.

When the Canal is built the Atlantic fleet will have a route to the Pacific, and with Hawaii and Manila well fortified protected bases will be in readiness. Then it may take its time to go, and it may fight with clean bottoms. Are we going to hold the Philippines? Are we going to maintain ourselves as a great power on the Pacific?

Japan's want of funds and not our strength is the present guarantee of peace. However, it is not wise to count too much on wealth and numbers. This would be a naval campaign pure and simple, and naval warfare is cheap beside land warfare. The main extra expenses of a force always on war footing are ammuni-

tion and coal. Out of the vast sum we have spent in the Philippines only \$20,000,000 is charged to the navy.

Any policy of Japan's or ours which tends to make us unpopular in the Far East injures our position as her commercial competitor. That sentiment on the Pacific Coast which would break our treaty obligations with a friendly nation can only be logical by advocating half a dozen new battleships at the next session of Congress and a provision for the speedy manning and the rapid construction of our Asiatic coast defenses. The best way of keeping any nation's friendship is by never giving her any selfish object for being unfriendly. Besides, no American who has been in the Far East ever likes to consider that his flag is under the threat, however polite, of being hauled down even temporarily. Should it ever be hauled down temporarily there will be no Portsmouth until it has gone up to stay permanently.

"STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL"

WHAT BECOMES OF LETTERS WRITTEN "IN CONFIDENCE" TO PATENT MEDICINE FIRMS AND QUACKS

MEDICAL

MEDICAL, 5,000. Dr. Stevens & Co., Columbus, Ohio. Nervous debility.

MEDICAL, 2,000. L. West, Avon, N. J. Nervous debility, first replies.

MEDICAL, Dr. Pierce Order Blanks, 50,000, 1902-03.

MEDICAL, Ozomulsion, 20,000, 1903.

MEDICAL, 30,280. Theo. Noel file cards, 1902-03.

MEDICAL, 24,500. Physician's Inst. and Edison France, Women's, 1903.

7,000 first replies late 1904.

13,000 late '02-'03-'04 letters in answer to above ad.

CHICAGO BROKERAGE COMPANY

MAIL ORDER LETTERS
BOUGHT,
SOLD, RENTED.

417 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

C. A. DAVIS, Manager.

Letters Wanted

We want to buy all kinds of letters received in answer to newspaper advertisements. If

LETTERS FOR RENT

300,000 Jas. Wm. Kidd medical file cards, representing all kinds of diseases (will sort) 1904.

180,000 men's matrimonial, 35,000 women's '04, 1st.

200,000 agents and canvassers.

50,000 Dr. Pierce order blanks, '02, '03.

20,000 Ozomulsion order blanks, '03.

30,280 Theo. Noel, '02, '03, medical file cards.

59,000 Agents' directory, '03, '04, '05.

250,000 Home work, '03, '04, '05.

27,500 Rosebud trust, firsts, '03, '04.

19,500 Bond Jewelry payups, trust, '04, envelopes.

52,000 10c song orders, Star Music Co., '04, '05.

17,500 Dr. May & Friar, ladies' regulator, '03, '04.

6,000 Nervous debility, '03, '04, Appliance Co.

Over 1,000,000 letters on hand, all kinds. Call or write me for samples and ads. Letters bought.

C. A. Davis, 1634 W. Ohio Street, Chicago.

Portion of a circular sent out by one of the concerns to which patent medicine men and quack doctors sell the letters they receive from their victims. There are five or six concerns similar to this, acting as clearing-houses, through which pass many millions of letters

Heading of a circular sent out by a letter broker. The circular offers for sale, at from \$2 to \$10 a thousand, letters sent by patients to Theo. Noel, the Ozomulsion Company, the Physician's Institute, Dr. Stevens, Edison France, and other patent medicine and quack medical concerns. The same circular solicits letters and offers to pay the market price for them in lots. The concern which sent out this circular does business under other names

An advertisement originally printed in the "Mail Order Journal" offering to rent letters. These letters are the ones which dupes all over the country write to patent medicine and quack concerns. When the original quack has squeezed the dupe dry he sells the letters to other quacks

WHEN you write to a patent medicine house, or a quack doctor, whose advertisements solicit letters of inquiry about your health, the reply in nine cases out of ten will address you, in an intimate, personal way, as "Dear friend," or "Esteemed friend." And the reply will be marked, in conspicuous letters, "Strictly confidential," even, in some cases, "Sacredly confidential." Every art is used to make the dupe believe his letters are kept safely locked in hidden archives, where the things he has said about his health, his affairs, and his person are carefully guarded from any eyes but the so-called "doctor's."

Now the truth about what really happens to these letters is eloquently told by the documents reproduced on this page. When the patent medicine man, or the quack, has, in the language of their shops, "jollied" the dupe along with false hopes and lying promises until even he becomes suspicious, and he can no longer be induced to send another dollar for another bottle of medicine, then his letter is sold to some other quack who pretends to cure the same disease. That quack coaxes as much money as he can from the victim, and then turns him over to a third; and so the dupe is passed along, in many cases, for several years.

To facilitate this exchange of letters among the quacks there are five or six so-called letter-brokers. They are really clearing-houses where patent medicine frauds and quack doctors exchange, sell, and rent letters. On Vandewater Street, New York, is a big warehouse owned by one of these letter-brokers, Frank B. Swett. In that warehouse are over seven million letters. It is quite possible that if you, any time within the past five years, have written a letter to a quack doctor, your letter is somewhere in that warehouse, and men familiar with the business could find it. Probably your letter has been sold over and over again, and rented and re-rented to every quack who plays upon the victims of your particular ailment.

One of the largest of these letter-brokers is the Guild Company, of 132 Nassau Street, New York. They issue a large circular describing the letters they have for sale. A portion of the list is printed on this page. The part here reproduced is only a very small portion, and that the less unprintable part of the circular.

If you have ever been foolish enough to write to any of the quacks and frauds in that list, you may know that your letter is now for sale. You may know that all the things you have said about your health and your person—intimate details which you carefully conceal from your friends and neighbors—are the property of any person who cares to pay four or five dollars for the letters of yourself and others like you.

One very interesting fraud, carried on under the name of the Astropathic Institute by means of this traffic in letters, was unearthed by the Post-Office Department recently. The following is quoted from the records of the Law Division of the Department, which drove this fraud out of business:

"The company begins its operation by purchasing large numbers of letters from letter-brokers. The letters purchased by the company refer to the desire of the writer for a treatment for nervous diseases, and have been addressed to some other company dealing in such matters."

The remainder of the explanation of this fraud, as set forth in the Post-Office Department records, is rather technical and legal. But the way it worked was this: You had written a letter, let us say, to Dr. Blosser, or to the Ozomulsion Company, or to Theo. Noel, or to any other of the scores of quacks whose letters are for sale by letter-brokers. In your letter you had set forth at great length the symptoms you thought you experienced, the diseases you thought you had. This letter of yours was bought by the Astropathic Institute. Then the Astropathic Institute sent you a circular. This circular said the company was in the business of reading your past, present, and future—they sold "astrological readings" of your life. Just to show their good faith, they would send you a "sample reading" free of charge. Glad to get something for nothing you would write for the "sample reading." To your great astonishment, you would get a reply saying that you were troubled with frequent pains in the left arm, poor appetite, and all the details told by yourself, but long forgotten, in your letter to Blosser, or Noel, or Ozomulsion. This proof of capacity on the part of the Astropathic Institute would usually impress you so

strongly that you would willingly give up the ten dollars demanded for a "larger and fuller reading."

Here is a letter sent out to a prospective customer by the Star Book Company, which is one of the names under which one of these letter-brokers, C. A. Davis, does business:

"W. W. SELDEN:
"Dear Sir—As a usual thing I only rent letters, and the medical letters would be worth \$4 for a copy, but if you will buy outright I will dispose of any lots as follows:
"50,000 Dr. Pierce.
"20,000 Ozomulsion.
"30,000 Theo. Noel.
for only \$2.50 per 1,000 in order to make room. This is certainly a good chance to get No. 1 medical names.
"Let me hear from you at once.
"Truly,
C. A. DAVIS."

Another mail-order medical concern, the Dr. Burleigh Corporation of Boston, seeking investors to buy shares in it, uses this argument:

"We are now able to purchase medical letters in lots of 100,000. These letters are from people who have been patients of other advertising doctors. These names we thoroughly circularize with our attractive and convincing booklets and follow them along for several months, and they always produce extra good results, and at a very small cost."

The Chicago Brokerage Company sends out a circular, part of which reads as follows:

"For 30-Day Copy
"High-Grade Letters

"We are willing to rent for 30-day copy any of the following lots of mail-order letters at a very low figure. Write for samples of ads that drew them and any other information desired. We have over one million letters in stock and are constantly buying more. If you have any letters for sale, send us full particulars and lowest cash price. Many parties using our letters are getting rich quickly working some good legitimate schemes. With attractive, convincing literature, they circularize 100,000 or more people who are directly interested in their line in two weeks. Returns sure and quick. No expensive newspaper advertising. We shall be pleased to give you any pointers asked for. Our prices for rental of letters are lower than elsewhere. Our word can always be relied upon. Write us or call.

"50,000 Dr. Pierce, medical, 1902-3.
"20,000 Ozomulsion, medical, 1903.
"300,000 Jas. Wm. Kidd, medical file cards, all diseases, will sort, 1903-4.
"30,280 Theo. Noel, medical file cards, 1902-3.
"24,500 Physician's Institute and Edison France, medical, 1903.
"56,000 Nervous debility. English, Swedish, Spanish, Norwegian, etc., will sort; in original envelopes. Medical,—all kinds, such as rheumatism, dyspepsia, kidney, etc.

"CHICAGO BROKERAGE CO., Chicago, Ill."

Such is the destination of most of the letters which poor dupes send to quack doctors, medical specialists, and patent medicine concerns, under the cynical assurance that their letters are kept "strictly confidential."

Quantity	Letters of	Quantity	Letters of
	Catarah Letters		Rheumatism Letters
8,470	Anglo Amer. Chem. Co.	1,194	Associated Drug Stores
29,713	Quaker Oil Co.	51,920	Turnock Medical Co.
19,988	R. T. Booth Co.	7,918	Jebb Remedy Co.
79,009	C. E. Gauss	22,038	Dr. C. S. Ferris
8,234	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.	11,948	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.
7,110	E. J. Worst		Obesity Letters
6,724	W. A. Noyes		
52,997	Dr. Blosser Co.	11,330	Dr. O. W. F. Snyder
	Asthma Letters	6,055	Howard Co.
1,326	Cinarsium Co.		Kidney Letters
4,286	D. J. Lane	51,632	Pape Medicine Co.
946	National Research Soc.	23,479	Pape Medicine Co.
7,609	W. A. Noyes	51,920	Turnock Medical Co.
6,104	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.	9,077	Pape Kidney Clinic
	Dyspepsia Letters	3,094	American Buchu Co.
7,315	Absolute Remedy Co.	39,639	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.
4,923	Absolute Remedy Co.	6,321	W. F. Smith
1,336	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.	854	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.
	Stomach Trouble Letters		Narcotic Letters
8,420	John Morrow	138	Dr. R. H. Brown
2,833	Orange Manna Co.	948	St. Anne League
3,592	Dr. A. H. Swinburne	1,983	Peru Remedy Co.
3,874	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.		Hair Preparation Letters
	Deaf Letters	36,419	John Craven-Burleigh
8,533	Dr. C. M. Jordan	46,652	Pacific Trading Co.
5,184	Morley Co.	5,786	Burleigh Cash Orders
907	Dr. C. S. Ferris		Heart Letters
1,030	Henry Ulrich		
1,434	John Garmore	8,288	Dr. J. W. Kidd Co.



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THE THANKSGIVING

PAINTED BY WALTER APPLE

or November 17 1906



LIVING PUMPKIN

ALTER APPLETON CLARK

PRIDE OF CRAFT

A TALE OF PANAMA

JIM MORGAN, grafter, went to the Isthmus drawn by the same lure which had led his early prototype, Sir Henry Morgan, buccaneer. It was loot which led them both, with the difference that Sir Henry cut the way to his through swamp and jungle and a pack of Panamenos, while the sad changes of the times forced Jim to adopt the tactics of the jackal.

Jim was sprung from a line of looters; his gospel was tragic, drawn from a tragic ancestry. Father and grandfather had both died in jail. Both had been men of crude but kindly human nature, both had been good to Jim, and their parables had taught him to believe that all men were inherently dishonest, some less stupidly than others. Much in his own profession had confirmed this dogma, for Jim was a policeman, by instinct and actual service.

But at heart Jim was an artist, a poet, a dreamer of dreams, an idealist. It was his vivid imagination which made him the terror of the criminal class. He knew by instinct what a criminal would do before the thought had germinated in the unbalanced brain.

Jim loved his profession, but even more he loved the things which stirred his fantasy; books, music, flowers, animals, and great wastes, all gave wider scope to his imaginings than the apprehension or the bleeding of a "crook." He loved to be alone, to dream, to study nature, and to ponder on the lives of simple creatures whose problems were solved for them, whose natures were not seamed by the great chasm separating that which is honest from that which is not. Perhaps it was this love of the primitive as much as the tales of big graft which led him to the Isthmus.

Still, these tidings had reached him, and so he took passage for Panama just as a kite, watching on the wing, might read the tidings of spoil from a brother kite and fly to the scene of pillage. When he arrived he went ashore and walked about the city, a quiet, unobtrusive figure. Nobody noticed him; indeed, there was little about him to notice until he had sighted his prey. Then, the long, pale eyes with their small pupils took on the flat glare seen in the eyes of the bird of prey he so resembled, the kite. The delicate lines about his mouth, which women always looked at twice, were set in rigid seams; the straight, narrow brows pulled lower and small depressions formed above them. The mobile and esthetic face grew sinister.

When he had been two days in Panama, Jim presented himself before the Chief of the I. C. C. police and asked for a billet. The officer looked curiously at the boyish face and figure.

"What do you want?" he demanded. Jim's pale eyes flashed up for an instant, then fell again.

"A sergeant's billet, sir," he answered, in his soft, low-pitched voice.

The man raised his eyebrows, but some quality in Jim's swift look smothered his irony.

"What experience have you had?" he asked dryly. "Sergeant of Honolulu police for one year; eighteen months under Captain O'Brien of San Francisco in Nagasaki, when he was out there reconstructing the Japanese police; two years as opium tracker in Seattle and San Francisco. I have also done some work as private detective, sir."

"H'm . . ." the officer stared. "Have you got your papers?" he asked.

"Some of them, sir. . . ." Jim glanced up and his delicate feature wore the expression of a mischievous schoolgirl caught in a prank. ". . . I was dismissed from the Honolulu police."

"Why?"

"For shooting a fireman from one of our transports. He was beating a Kanaka woman. They charged me with shooting unnecessarily. Kanakas don't count for much out there."

Again the officer raised his eyebrows and stared curiously.

"Kill him?" he asked.

Jim's eyes fell. "At the first shot, sir," he murmured. "I always shoot to kill when I shoot at all."

The officer leaned back and tugged at his blond mustache. His somewhat fishy blue eyes rested thoughtfully upon the modest figure before him.



He leaned back in the cayugua and watched the river panorama

BY

HENRY C. ROWLAND

"Very well," he said finally, ". . . bring me your papers and we'll give you a chance . . . but mind, we don't want any unnecessary killings here on the Zone."

"No, sir," said Jim, demurely.

II

BEFORE he had been a week in the police he began to make his pressure felt. He talked little, seldom smoked or drank, never looked directly at any one for more than an instant, yet in a fortnight's time he had taken the criminal inventory of the Zone. Moreover, he established a sort of jungle telegraphy which kept him in unofficial touch with the outlying districts. At night he slipped through the alleys like a cat, and when he had need of money he would enter some dive, push gently through the squatting crowd of coolies, sniff with appreciation the familiar, sickening reek, then seek out the proprietor and toss him a quick patter of monosyllables which sounded like Chinese but was not. He never left empty-handed.

But all of this time Jim was watching and waiting; very little escaped him, yet he saw no sign of the "big graft" which he had come to the Isthmus to find. Once or twice he thought that he had struck a hot trail, but the hope proved futile.

In the course of time he was sent out to the Culebra station, and there he formed the habit of wandering about the works and talking with the workers, and little by little there began to grow in him a strange new interest, an odd feeling of proprietorship and responsibility in the achievement itself. Heretofore, the canal had been to him a helpless, full-blooded monster capable of nourishing thousands of parasites, but as day after day he watched the workers and sat in their tents and listened to their plans and projects, an honest wonder fell upon him when he realized that these men

were not there for graft nor entirely for pay, but to dig the Canal!

The discovery puzzled him; these were intelligent men, men of sound wisdom. They were far from fools in any sense, yet were they not sacrificing pleasure and risking health for less money than he took each month from the dive-keepers? It puzzled him, and then one day he came to understand.

It was a Sunday, and he had climbed alone to the summit of Gold Hill, where for a while he leaned against a tree trunk and let his pale eyes rest upon the marvelous view. To the north stretched miles of jungle-clad hill and valley, passing from tropic garden to the vague blue of distance until rimmed by the ultramarine of the Caribbean. To the south the tumbling hills of Paraiso trooped away disordered until they marched out into the Pacific, which they dotted with verdant isles. Below him lay the great Canal, raw and eroded through Culebra Cut, but in the distance outlined by jungle-covered banks.

Presently a small, moving object caught his eye; he fixed it with his glass, and recognized the white-clad figure of the Chief Engineer, who with two of his staff was making a tour of the works on the railway automobile.

Jim's eyes swept again the boundless view of hill and valley, swamp and forest, the two distant oceans . . . then turned back to the tiny speck of white. There was a shocking quality in the comparison of the two antagonists; the amazing effrontery of this atom, coolly directing the subjugation of the Cordilleras! And with what? Far below him on the slope there was a splash of movement and color, punctuated by tiny jets of steam; one of the big American shovels had been half-buried in a slide and was pluckily digging itself free again. Jim watched the tiny thing attack the mountain, then looked across to the opposite slope where an old French bucket-excavator had been cutting a foothold for a construction-railway.

"To think of working with toys like that. . . ." he said aloud, ". . . what nerve! . . . Good Lord, what nerve!" His eye measured the great upper prism already dug with such toys by the French, and a sort of awe fell upon him.

For several minutes he sat in meditation, strangely moved. Then suddenly he sprang to his feet, his heart thumping, his pale eyes a-gleam. The zeal of the humble workers at Empire and Gatun and Culebra grew suddenly clear to him.

There were bigger things than graft! The reward of these men would come later when they should see a stately battleship, her bright work glittering, her guns gleaming, and the Stars and Stripes ablaze against the background of tropic green, march down between the high hills of Culebra, sweep grandly past the rolling slopes of Paraiso, and so on to the broad Pacific through the Canal which they had dug!

Jim half closed his eyes and saw the picture; he saw a squadron filing past beneath; a grim line of cruisers winding up from Gatun and on through to meet upon the Pacific the enemy to their flag. He could see the late sun lurid on their war paint, hear the hills giving back the echoes as their bugles sounded "colors," and the ensigns fluttered down.

Then all at once it occurred to him that he was a part of it all, a nerve of the great body, a factor of the whole great work. His pale eyes filled, his mouth twitched; he rose suddenly and threw one arm above his head.

"So help me God . . ." he cried to the wilderness. ". . . I'll play this Canal deal square!"

III

WHEN he returned to his quarters he found an Indian loitering about the door. Jim recognized the man as one of his corps of irregulars.

"What is it, Juan?" he asked in Spanish.

"A white man has gone up the river, señor. He was not of the Commission."

"From Matachin?"

"Yes, señor. He had a small cayugua and two polers men from far up the river. They did not stop at Gamboa nor at St. Cru."

"When did they leave?"

"Before daybreak, señor. It was still dark."

Jim pondered the matter. The Indian, Juan, was his own private spy, paid from his own pocket. He trusted the man. There were practically but three things apt to take a white man up the Chagres; these were bananas, rubber, and gold. The banana buyers were well known; rubber scouts were seldom seen of late years; the chances were, therefore, that the man was prospecting for gold.

That evening while at his supper one of his Jamaican policemen handed him a despatch. Jim opened it and read:

white man initials w d gambler thick-set muscular heavy black mustache swarthy scar over left eye dressed in khaki wanted for the killing of banford jones and thomas selby clerks i c e and wounding of others dangerous character armed last seen boarding train for colon signed judson

Jim's mobile face set like a death mask, then a smile curved his beautiful mouth. His amber eyes glowed. "It's Bill Diamond," he said to himself. "I thought he'd show up sooner or later. Bill Diamond . . . wanted for murder in 'Frisco, Seattle, and the Yukon! . . . my man . . . my man."

Daylight found him on the upper Chagres. He had taken a long cayugua and four native negroes, his own men whom he could trust.

His plans were definite; he would go to Alhajuela, the abandoned hydraulic station, and there he would live in one of the old French cabins, apparently as a hydraulic engineer, while he sent out his men to scout the different tributaries. As soon as they had located his man he would go to the spot in person and make the arrest.

He had no fear that Diamond would try to leave the river until driven out by the rains; by that time the physical appearance of the man would be altered by sunburn, a beard, and the loss of flesh.

He knew Bill Diamond for a dangerous character; a killer, who had carved his fatal initials in more than one mining camp in the Northwest; he knew him also for a reckless fool. No doubt he had money in plenty with which to buy his sanctuary among the up-river folk, but he would rather take a chance than rest there through the wet season. There was really no hurry about finding the man.

He leaned back in the cayugua and watched the river panorama. The Chagres water swirled past, clear as crystal, soft and limpid. On either side rose great trees, shaggy with epiphytes, huge boughs pendent with lianas. A flock of parrots flew chattering overhead, their staccato cries alarming the still air, their wings flashing with each quick stroke. An iguana hung across the limb of a tree, which its brethren had denuded of leaves, and watched their passing. The deep, cool, virgin forest whispered on either side while overhead the tropic sun blazed into the limpid river, painting its bed with ever-changing hues. Crocodiles and alligators basked upon the scorching bars.

The stream was low; in places the long cayugua grounded and the polers stepped out knee-deep and shoved it over the stones. "Yet this trickle shall some day float the navies of the world . . . float them from ocean to ocean . . ." thought Jim. They passed a bare stretch of river-bed where a mammoth tree had stranded, the top downstream, the roots clawing on all sides like the arms of a grapple. "It would not have taken this creek long to fill a fifty-mile ditch when

that fellow came down . . ." thought Jim. " . . . What a job . . . my Lord, what a job to hold her when she's in flood. . . ." And again there rose within him the pride of achievement, the pride of craft.

On his way up he had passed an engineer's camp at Gamboa. They were boring into the deep alluvions of the river-bed, making a final investigation before proceeding with the plans for the great dam which would convert into a lake all that part of the Chagres below Alhajuela. They were preparing to change the map of the world, these youngsters in their flannel shirts and khaki trousers, covered from head to foot with the sticky mud from the Chagres river-bed. They would change the relations of the two Americas, North and South, just as they would change the relations of commerce and diplomacy and power of the entire world. These mud-spattered boys with their diamond drills were playing big parts in history. Yes, and he, "Graft Jim," as he had been sometimes called, was playing a big part too. Discipline is the first requisite of an army, whether organized to attack hostile men or hostile nature. Jim looked ahead at the mysterious river unfolding before him and peered deeply into the dark, forbidding aisles of the impenetrable forest. They were big, these things, the capricious river, the inscrutable jungle; Culebra also was big . . . the whole great work was big! River, forest, the Cordilleras . . . all were big, yet all were to bow before the bigger things; human knowledge, duty, but most of all, the Pride of Craft.

IV

DAY passed day at Alhajuela. Jim lived in the abandoned cabin of the former French fluvigrapher. Juan remained as his servant; the negroes he furnished with two smaller cayugas and sent on up the river to scout some of the smaller tributaries.

Most of his time he spent upon the stream, spearing fish and shooting crocodiles, or in the jungle, hunting deer and turkeys and watching the forest life. When the fierce sun was quenched in the tree-tops Juan cooked his supper, and when he had eaten it Jim sat in the door of his cabin and listened to the night sounds of the jungle which marched up to his feet. Once he heard the snuffling grunt of a tapir, rooting in the river-bank; another time there came from the forest depths a weird and startling whistle, followed by a gruesome clacking sound; the boa calling to his mate. At night Jim slept with a lantern by his cot, for the vampires set his mosquito-net to swinging in the rush of air from their wings as they circled the room.

Mornings the swift sun leaped up above the trees and blazed down to set the parakeets a-screaming. Myriad humming-birds sparkled like jewels. Once he saw a tarpon rush upon the surface of the water and leap into the air, a silvery flame. And so the days passed, but no news came from the criminal, cowering in the bush.

One morning Jim awoke with a numbing headache; the sunlight seemed to shine through his eyeballs into his brain, and his tongue was like the tag end of his belt.

"Fever . . ." he said to himself, "or smallpox." He had met with several natives infected with this disease. He staggered to his door and looked toward the river.

His cayugua was tied to the bank. He thought of the cool, clean hospital wards, the skilled attendance, then of the cases of hemorrhagic smallpox he had seen in Manila, in Honolulu. Then he looked again at the river, at the forest beyond, and with his fever mounting rapidly he thought of the patient toilers boring into the muck at Gamboa; he thought of Culebra . . . of the squadron filing through the cut. . . . No doubt, after all, it was only malaria . . . every one had a touch of fever sooner or later. . . .

"I'll stick it out . . . I'll stick it out whatever it is," he muttered to himself and gulped down thirty grains of quinine. For two days he lay in a semi-delirium, eating nothing, sleeping a fitful fever sleep, and dreaming fantastic fever dreams. The third night he was awakened by the crash of rain upon the corrugated iron roof of his cabin; at the same time he was vaguely conscious of a roaring in his ears, which he ascribed to quinine and malaria.

Toward morning it roused him again, and for a while he lay and listened to it idly, and as he listened it was borne upon him that the noise lacked the even monotone of fever sounds. He crawled from his bed and lurched to the door, threw it open, and gazed down toward the river, then gripped the casement with a cry of dismay.

The torrential Chagres was in flood. What had been a placid little stream the night before was now become a roaring cataract; in a single night the Chagres had risen twenty feet, and was tearing down through the Alhajuela gorge, red and angry, torn with whirlpools, ripping out the bank upon one side, and inundating the forest on the other.

For minutes Jim clung to the rotting casement and looked down fascinated, bewildered, awed. The change had been so swift, so absolute. "And to think of harnessing that thing," he said to himself. "To think of stabling it . . . putting it in a paddock and making it work . . . float ships and open and shut locks and run dynamos to light the whole length of the canal it feeds . . .



"What's two niggers alongside a crick paved with nuggets?"

and that is what they are going to do at Gamboa. . . ." He stared down at the swirling, turbid water, and suddenly the pride of the thing swept over him and sent the blood singing through his veins.

The rain had stopped, but a black cloud hung low on the hills upstream. Juan appeared, coming from the river-bank.

"Are the cayugas safe?" asked Jim.

"The big one is gone, señor," replied the man. "It must have been swept away by a tree. The little one is safe."

Jim took some fruit and coffee, then flung himself upon his cot again. Hours passed and still he lay in a semi-stupor, his racked body the battleground of disease and drug. How long he lay there he could not tell, but when at length he opened his eyes they fell upon a white man who was drying his clothes upon the steps of the cabin. A khaki coat was spread upon the door-sill; the owner was wringing the water from one sleeve, and through the rents in his ragged shirt Jim saw the sinewy, hairy limbs of a great ape. A heavy revolver swung from a holster at his belt.

"Hello . . ." muttered Jim. The man started, then swung about with a vulpine twist of his muscular frame; the face was vulpine also, fringed with a shaggy mane, and with little wolfish eyes set close together. Upon the left side of the forehead there was a small cicatrice which gleamed white against the sunburnt skin.

Jim flung one arm across his face as if to shield the glare of light. Recognition at that moment would have meant swift and merciless death. Through his fever mist, and despite the changes in the man, he had discovered his quarry, the murderer, Bill Diamond, wanted for the lives he had taken in the sheer blood-lust of the killer.

Diamond dropped his head forward and stared at Jim with bloodshot eyes.

"Hullo . . ." he said. "Fever?"

"Yes . . ." muttered Jim.

Diamond reached the side of his cot in quick, catlike steps; he peered down searchingly; some instinct, the vulpine cunning, warned him of an enemy. He glanced at Jim, then warily about the cabin, through the shuttered window at the door, as if expecting it to spring. A vampire fluttered in the rafters; he started, and his hand fell to his hip . . . and all of the while Jim's pale eyes, shielded by his arm, were watching him through their long fringe of lashes.

"Prospectin'?" he muttered, in a heavy, fevered voice. Diamond moved uneasily at the tone; it recalled some past memory of danger.

"A little," he answered sulkily. "Got flushed out by the rain, so I run down to touch ye for some grub. What *you* doin' here, anyway?"

"Fluviographer," Jim drawled. "Measurin' the damn river."

"Hell y'are. . ."

"Any luck prospectin'?"

Again Diamond threw him a quick, uneasy glance. The prone figure reassured him.

"Can't complain," he answered gruffly. He kicked a matting sack which was set by the door-jamb. "Like to see somethin' real pretty?"

Again he looked warily about, then as his eyes came back to Jim he laughed contemptuously. "I wouldn't

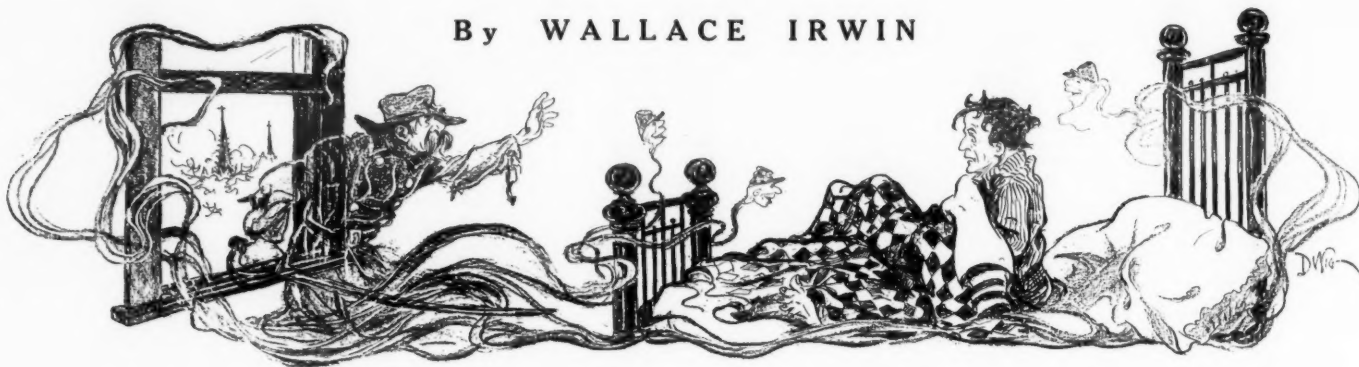
(Continued on page 32)



"Here's a pretty, pretty woman!"

THE GREAT UNTHANKFUL

By WALLACE IRWIN



Showing how a wandering Grouch failed to make a convert of the Average Man

THE Average Man awoke rather late on Thanksgiving morning. In fact, the bells calling gratefully to services were jangling up and down the mediocre street in which he lived. The night before he had gone abroad, had eaten the average dinner, attended the average theatre, partaken of the average midnight supper, and had complained that the average of all these things was so low. But when he had paid the bills he had reflected that the average was pretty high, after all.

This morning the light from the airshaft adjoining his hall bedroom filtered in with a particularly stale pallor, a window lifted itself noiselessly, and an elderly ghost drifted into the room. He was a dejected, tattered military ghost. His eyes were watery, his sword saw-edged and bent. His uniform looked as though it had, in ages past, been rescued from a fire; for one epaulet had disappeared, half the buttons were gone, and the coat hung in tatters at the tails. It was the spirit of General Discontent who seated himself on the edge of the bed and polished his nose with a blue cotton handkerchief.

"Bah!" he exclaimed so abruptly that the Average Man bumped his head against a bedpost. "I suppose, because some old witch-toasting demagogue of Massachusetts happened to be taken unexpectedly cheerful one November day in the year sixteen-hundred and something, that you feel it your duty to get in on the moth-blown fiction and holler 'I'm thankful!' until the police hear you and run you in for dodging jury duty."

"Pooh! I don't know as Teddy Roosevelt's announcing Thanksgiving Day for the third Thursday in November has made me rejoice so as it hurts me. Why don't Teddy make it the second Thursday in November or shove it along into December or leave it off altogether? It's about the only sacred institution in the country that he hasn't jumped on and scared out of a year's growth."

"Not that I don't think most of our sacred institutions deserve jumpin' on and scarin' out of a year's growth. Are you thankful because Mr. Baer has invented a machine that makes the price of coal go up as the mercury goes down; because Senator Aldrich is so busy a-winkin' at John D. Rockefeller that he can't see the Constitution of the United States? Or maybe you're thankful for janitors and open sewers and yellow journalism and automobiles and murders and gentlemen burglars and lady financiers and patent medicines?"

"I know your style. You're one o' them Stars o' Hope what thinks that there's a-goin' to be Universal Peace every time the Hague Tribunal meets. You imagine that every feller that gets a Carnegie medal is a hero, and that the United States Senate is run for the special benefit of the Philippine Islands."

"Some yap named Galileo, or Gallagher, or some thing like that, once got it in the neck for remarkin' that the world do move. Of course, it do—but I ain't a-goin' to say where it's a-movin' to."

"Science and invention! Feller over in Paris discovers radium; in a week it's on the market as a proprietary medicine, guaranteed to cure hemorrhages, hair-lip, hydrophobia, homesickness,

heart disease, and any other ailment beginnin' with the letter h, or money refunded. Feller discovers wireless telegraphy and Wall Street corrals it into a corporation. Feller discovers the North Pole and sells out to the Ice Trust.

"Folks is always standin' around a-talkin' about improvin' the world. Say, what *is* Improvement? A political contractor sees a broad and lovely boulevard paved with flawless asphalt, lined with harmonious mansions and shaded by pleasant trees. He drives up and down that boulevard for two or three days a-makin' figures on the margin of a newspaper. Then he sends around an army of Sicilian bandits who attack the quiet picture with pick and shovel, tear up the asphalt,

Pianola or a whited sepulchre. "Utopia!" he shrieked. "Say, ever been there? It's positively the slowest town this side of York Centre. I spent jest one evenin' there, and took the New Jerusalem express back for Chicago next mornin'. What's the matter with it? Everything. I wanted to go to the Utopia Hotel, so I got aboard a trolley car. Ladies all got up to give me a seat, which made me nervous, and first thing I knowed the car had took me plum past my corner. 'Conductor,' I yells, 'why didn't you stop at Zion Street, the way I told you?' 'Excuse me, sir,' says the conductor, pulling off his hat—and the next thing I knowed, he had backed the car up to my corner where he helped me off, gave me back my nickel, and handed

me five shares of non-assessable stock in the Golden Rule Street Railway Company!"

"Then I ordered dinner at the Utopia Hotel—splendid spread includin' all the indigestibles of the season. When I paid my bill (it came to thirty-nine cents) the waiter insisted on givin' me a five per cent discount for cash. I tipped him fifty cents—but no use! He dropped the money in a Salvation Army box when he thought I wasn't lookin'."

"After dinner I went to the Utopia Grand Opera House. The show wouldn't have made much of a ripple on the Rialto. I guess it had been reformed. At the end of the first act the manager came out in front of the curtain and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen;

this show is not so very good and the actors range, in talent, from poor to mediocre. I am sure the performance must bore you, so I feel it my duty to give you back your money at the door.'

"But the audience arose as one man and shouted politely, in unison: 'Oh, no! We consider the play perfectly dee-lightful. Go ahead, by all means!'"

"So they settled back in their chairs and went to sleep—all but me. I hustled out into the night and called a cab. I ordered the Utopian cabman to drive me to the station, but he hesitated a long time; then finally he opens the trap door on top and hollers down the airshaft: 'Pardon me, sir, but are you sure you can afford this?'"

"That settled Utopia for me," said the spook of General Discontent. "Unselfishness like that ain't human—it ain't healthy—"

The Average Man yawned impatiently and sat up in bed.

"I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me," he said. "It is already past noon, and I have to dress. I have an engagement to go out to Thanksgiving dinner with—well, it's important."

"Hoot! bah!" grunted the military shade. "Refrigerated Chicago turkey, embalmed mince-meat, mineral-dye cranberry sauce—serves you good and plenty. Well, you'll rejoice, I suppose, because you ain't got nothing to be thankful for. Good-by, you idiot, and bad digestion to ye!"

And the spirit of General Discontent faded through a window, kicking a hole through a pane of glass as he disappeared.

The Average Man arose, dressed carefully, brushed his hat, and pinned a red rose in his buttonhole. He paused, during his employment, and read affectionately a few words scribbled on foolish pink note-paper. The note had been written to him by the Average Girl.

The Average Man swung out into the street flourishing his cane. Around the corner a mechanical piano was attacking "Silver Heels" energetically. The Average Man hailed a hansom, named a fondly remembered address and inquired the fare.

"Four dollars and a half," said the cabman promptly. "Thank Heaven I'm not in Utopia!" said the Average Man as he boarded the piratical craft and sailed jauntily away.



"I tipped him fifty cents—but no use!"

tear down the mansions, lop off the shade trees, throw earthworks over the sidewalks, discharge several boxes of dynamite and stick up on the impressive ruin the sign, "Street Closed Until Next Election." That's Improvement, my lad. No, siree," growled the ghost of General Discontent, "this here old planet o' ours ain't travelin' on schedule time. Its works are rusty and it needs a new mainspring—"

"But, my dear General," interrupted the Average Man, "isn't it true that the world is gradually improving? Won't the armies of General Opinion and General Sentiment finally overcome selfishness and ignorance until the dream of Utopia becomes a fact?"

General Discontent opened his empty jaws and crackled a laugh that was like the performance of a



"Feller discovers the North Pole and sells out to the Ice Trust"

THE NEW CLOUD IN THE WEST

The menace of trouble with Japan that is gathering about the schoolhouses of San Francisco



A. ALTMAN
President of San Francisco's
Board of Education

THE traditional and well-founded hostility to Chinese immigration in California has prepared the ground for an agitation against the Japanese. The matter was brought to a crisis by the fire which burnt out all the schoolhouses in a great part of the city. There was some difficulty in providing for all the pupils, and the Board of Education availed itself of the opportunity to exclude all Japanese from the schools attended by Americans, and confine



SAN FRANCISCO'S SCHOOL FOR JAPANESE, CHINESE, AND KOREAN PUPILS



SECRETARY METCALF
Sent to San Francisco by the President
to investigate the Japanese trouble
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them to a special school in company with Chinese and Koreans. Japan resented this action, and President Roosevelt sent Secretary Metcalf to San Francisco to try to smooth matters over. But President Altman, of the Board of Education, declined to make any concessions. The Japanese bitterly resent being classed with Chinese and Koreans under the general head of "Orientals." "If our race is Oriental," they say, "so is Mr. Altman's own"

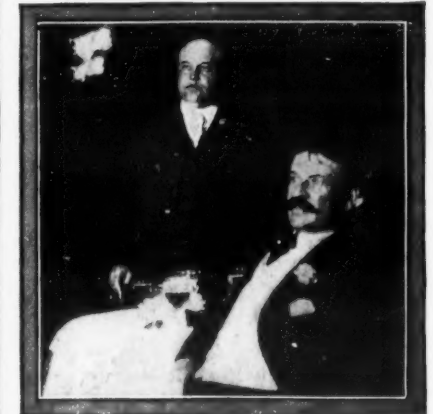


JAPANESE STUDENTS

San Francisco thinks they are too old to go to school



THE PACIFIC HIGH-SCHOOL—NO JAPANESE NEED APPLY



M. H. DE YOUNG SITTING

The editor who made the anti-Japanese agitation dangerous

THE first three-cent car ever operated in Cleveland, if not in the United States, was run by Mayor Tom L. Johnson on November 1, when the West Side Line of the Forest City Railway Company was formally opened to the public. The Forest City Company is under lease to the Municipal Traction Company, and the whole system comes as near to public ownership as the law of Ohio allows. It is to be self-supporting, paying a moderate return upon the capital actually invested, without water, but it has not been created for profit. The directors have voluntarily assumed a public trust. But they have anticipated that the lease which they hold may some day be worth millions, so they have asked the City Council to take it out of their power to violate the trust which they have assumed. They have agreed with the Council to operate all of the franchises awarded to the Forest City Railway Company; that they will carry passengers at three-cent fare with transfers; that the city may at any time take over the property at its appraised value, plus ten per cent as a bonus, should the



MAYOR JOHNSON ACTS AS MOTORMAN ON THE FIRST 3-CENT-FARE CAR IN CLEVELAND

Legislature give the city power to do so. And in order that they shall at all times be under the control of the city, they agree that the council may at all times regulate fares and transfers, and at any time revoke any franchise granted to the company on condition only that the city compensate it for the physical damage to its property. Further than this they agree that all earnings in excess of operating expenses and the rental to the Forest City Railway Company shall be used for betterments, extensions, improvements in service or the reduction of fares below three cents. And in order that the city may be a fully informed partner in the enterprise, the company disclosed its receipts and expenditures and agreed to keep its books forever open to inspection. There can be no machine built upon the spoils system. There is no danger to the taxpayer, for the city's credit is not used at all. And, best of all, the street railways are forever removed from politics. For the Municipal Traction Company has no franchises to be gambled for through a control of the city or State

THE OTHER AMERICANS

By ARTHUR RUHL

This is the second of a series of articles dealing with the human side of our South American neighbors. The first article, published in Collier's for November 3, treated of Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, and its people. The next will describe the odd life of the West Coast steamers—"mailboat, freighter, and market gardener in one"—the journey from Panama to Callao, Peru, and the ride thence up the wonderful Oroya Railroad, the highest in the world

THERE are many strange ways of getting about in South America, but I doubt if any of them brings a more complete sense of contrast than comes with walking up the gangplank from the wharf at La Guayra to the deck of a Royal Mail. It is almost as hard to get out of La Guayra as to get into it; one must call on the prefect to demonstrate that one is not an escaping regicide, pay his going-away fees, deposit in gold enough to meet quarantine expenses at the Isthmus so that the steamship agent may violate the company's order to accept no passengers for Colon; and, after pecking at a villainous garlic-greasy luncheon on a hotel balcony looking out on the Caribbean, skirmishing through smelly streets, hardly daring to draw a full breath, and awaiting with the gringo's panicky dread the bite of the yellow-fever mosquito, one has just about forgotten the pretty little capital over behind the mountains, Bolivar Plaza, and the hooded victorias twinkling through the dark, and is ready for comic-opera Latin America at its wildest. Then you step across a bit of planking into the British Isles. It is no less than that. Your luggage is brought by a barefoot *mestizo*, sputtering Spanish frantically, and laboring apparently under the obsession that you have robbed him or that the steamer is going to sail without you, and it is taken by a sandy-haired Cockney steward, who says: "Ticket, sir, if you please, sir," and "Thank you, sir," whether one gives him half a sovereign or tells him that he ought to be hanged. You leave behind the *desayuno* of rolls and *cafe con leche*—hot milk and native coffee, black as ink—and approach a breakfast of toast and orange marmalade, eggs, cold joints, bloaters, and Yorkshire brawn. The decks are lined with steamer chairs whose occupants seem as unaware that the steamer has touched at a new port, full of sights new and strange which they may never see again, as they are of the existence of those reclining on either side of them. They do not see the theatre-curtain town, nor the wonderful brown mountains. They are reading the romances of the Colonial Library, just as they were five minutes after the ship left Southampton, just as they would be if they were sailing east on a P. and O. to whatever queer corner of the Orient. At five o'clock, of course, there is tea and biscuits, and the Colonial Governor, on his way "out" to his new post, tastes, sets down his cup, and forthwith summons the head steward: "What is this?" he demands, and the steward, wetting his lips and almost turning pale, ventures the opinion that it is tea. "Tea?" rumbles the Colonial Governor. "Tea." He regards the portly steward as though he were some eccentric insect. "Now, my good man!" he begins, straightening up one hand on the hip, "I have drunk tea for forty years, and in all parts of the world, and I know—"

At six-thirty the bugle blows. The Major's big bulldog-toed tan boots, which look as though they had tramped over many miles of fair green, cease their steady pound up and down the deck, the young men rap their pipes on the rail, the young women put down their Colonial novels. At seven all emerge, dressed as though they were dining out at home instead of dozing westward through the tepid Caribbean in the dregs of the northeast trades; soda bottles begin to pop, the squeaky little orchestra plays "The Lost Chord," and airs from the latest Gaiety Theatre success, and the Colonial Governor and the Colonel, at the captain's table, rumble in the fine, sonorous parliamentary man-



The white man's burden-carrier bound for Panama

ner of the *Dreadnought's* coal consumption, the native question in Bengal, and the laboring men's lack of interest in Nonconformist schemes as though they were reading aloud from "The Spectator" or "The Saturday Review."

It was inconceivably British—that ship. I mean that its criticism was of that incredible sort which, like the complementary kind of Americanism, one expects to find only in the caricatures of novels or the stage. One could imagine it sailing round the world forever and peeping into all the world's strange and wonderful ports and still the steamer chairs would line the deck on the opposite side of the ship from which things were to be seen, still the heads would be bent complacently over the Colonial novels. There were several locomotive drivers on their way to a West Coast railroad—fine stalwart chaps, with that wonderful combination of sturdiness and stupidity which is rarely so well exhibited as in the face of the British working man. I happened to speak to one of them of "the Canal." "What canal is that?" said he. I told him that the United States were trying to dig one across Panama. "Aouw"—he said, "are they buildin' a canal there?" with that peculiar accent of the question which seems to imply

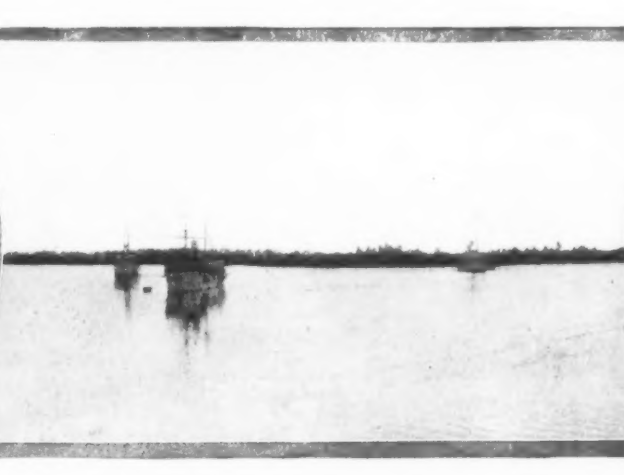
that probably that is exactly what they are *not* doing. Two ladies sat at the captain's right—austere, scarcely youthful females, who dressed in black lace each night. They might have stepped out of a Du Maurier drawing in "Punch." Any one who was ever housed in that antique and fleabitten caravansary which stands across the plaza from the cathedral at Panama—up to last May, at least, triumphantly the worst hotel in the worst of all possible worlds—will understand how it was almost with grief that a few days after we had landed one saw these poor creatures there nibbling at its villainous *table d'hôte*. It was almost shocking a few days later to catch a glimpse of them on the sun-blistered dock at La Boca, gently bred apparently, certainly inexperienced, jostled by sweating coal-passers and negro porters, picking their way, timorously, to a shabby little half-freighter bound up the Mexican coast. They could not sail for several days, and meanwhile they must exist, there, with donkey engines wrangling all about them and coal dust flying, and bake in one of the hottest ports of the world. It was not until we were well down the Peruvian coast that a young American engineer, to whom they had appealed one day in Panama, told me what it all meant. They were on their way to San Francisco. And to compass a journey, which by way of North Atlantic liners and Pullman cars might have been made in rather less time than a fortnight, they were to travel thousands and thousands of miles, touch at half the fever-stricken ports on the Western continent, and consume, first and last, probably all of two months. "But what on earth—" "Well," grinned the young engineer, "they said it was the only way. They'd understood that transportation was still so crude that it wasn't safe for women to try to cross the interior of the States!"

It seemed to me not the least interesting thing about the fever-breathing strip of coast between La Guayra and Colon that ships like these should be steaming along it only a stone's throw, so to speak, off shore. I thought of it as we lay at the dock one morning at Cartagena, when, with thunder-claps crashing all round us like exploding shells and that rain which only the tropics knows, filling all the world beyond the deck awnings in one solid steamy waterfall, the if-you-please-sir-thank-you stewards began, promptly at eleven o'clock as usual, to patter from chair to chair with their Peek and Frean biscuits and little pink ices. And I thought of it every time I looked overside and saw the flying-fish spattering away from the bow and recalled that behind that jagged brown shore-line were the snow heights and the steamy jungles of the Orinoco and Colombia, and not so very far away Indians as naked and refreshingly savage as any on the continent.

There are two ways of seeing this northwest corner of South America and traversing the several thousand miles that take one from the asphalt and cabs of Caracas to the asphalt and cabs of the capital of Peru. By one way you go cross country, cut your way through jungles, ford rivers full of alligators and snakes, shiver on mountain passes higher than any in the Rockies, get bitten up by all sorts of troublesome insects and elected to a geographical society when you get home. By the other way one coasts along effete in some such mailboat as this, and endeavors to content one's self by reading "Westward Ho," and consular



Typical street of a Caribbean town



The Colombian Navy in the harbor of Cartagena



The barred windows of Cartagena

The Question of Beauty



is largely a matter of skin cleanliness and healthfulness. Taboo paint, powder, skin foods, lotions and such—make friends with good soap and fresh water—take plenty of exercise—and Dame Nature will do her best for your complexion.

Did you ever stop to think what happens when the skin is not kept thoroughly cleansed (and when we say *cleansed*, we mean *cleansed*, not merely *washed off*)?

The surface of the human body contains millions of tiny little glands—only visible through a microscope—which are full of life and duty when in a healthful condition. One-sixth of all the waste matter daily thrown off from the body is shed through these pores, and if not thoroughly removed it remains to clog up these glands and destroy their mission. A sallow, "broken out" or generally unhealthy skin is the result.

Absolute skin health and beauty—and this means the daily removal of all waste matter—is only possible with the constant aid of good soap and water. The water is easily obtained; the problem is to find the right soap.

A soap can either cleanse, purify, soften and beautify the skin—or it can clog, irritate, roughen and injure it.

FAIRY SOAP not only *cleans* but *cleanses*. It removes the dead waste matter—the im-

purities—from the pores and leaves them free to perform their function.

FAIRY SOAP is pure—it is made from choice coconut oil and *edible beef fat*—the best and purest ingredients we can buy. It contains no coloring matter or other adulterant to cover up a multitude of bad materials. It is good, pure soap and nothing but soap, and will agree with the tenderest skin.

Although FAIRY SOAP sells for but 5c a cake, it is the peer of any soap—white or otherwise—sold today, regardless of price. Prove this to your satisfaction by a personal test.

THE
N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.



"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

Soap is a Surface Cleanser Only

Soap cannot cleanse deeper than the surface. Yet dirt, *lots of it*, gets way down into the pores.

So it will be easily seen that to get the skin really clean, to get out the pore-dirt, you must do something beside wash the skin with mere soap and water. You must employ massage, with

Pompeian Massage Cream

to get down into the pores and bring out all foreign secretion and make the skin clean, soft and healthy. *Gentlemen* appreciate this because it gives them beauty—*men* because it gives them a sense of cleanliness after a day of toil that can be obtained in no other way. Pompeian Massage Cream makes the skin strong-textured and fine-grained, the flesh solid, the muscles pliant, but firm. It does more—it will take out all wrinkles, round out the contour of face and neck, and bring color to the cheeks.

Test it with Our Free Sample

Simply send us the coupon, and we will send you the sample together with our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin. Men should also try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving; by cleansing the pores of soap it allays irritation, does away with soreness.

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THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 24)

reports, viewing the moldering dungeons of Cartagena, and speculating about the days when pirates rejoiced in these waters and the Inquisition roasted people on red-hot iron mattresses. If these lines should chance to fall beneath the eye of a Colombian, I hope he will not think that it was any passionate attachment to the society of a steamer-chair which prompted the writer to deny himself the more arduous and more interesting pilgrimage, nor that this mere coasting trip was intended as any affirmation of the notion that the Republic of Colombia is not to be taken seriously. But we have but one life and there are limits to things. There are few cities in South America, for instance, which the wanderer who strays into these parts would rather get a glimpse of than Bogota, the capital of Colombia. So few people from the big world ever visit it that it is almost like some buried city of Tibet. It lies in the interior, ten thousand feet up in the air—so far up that though within five degrees of the equator its average temperature is like our spring. Buried away, as they are, the people of Bogota have preserved more of the Spanish life than their more accessible neighbors. It is away up here that the sonorous tongue of Cervantes and Calderon is spoken most perfectly. Bogota is the centre of that interest in things literary which is perhaps the most typical characteristic of the Colombian when contrasted with his neighbors. It was after he had been at Harvard that a young Venezuelan told me that Bogota was "the Boston of South America" and, to hear South Americans describe it, one might almost think that Bogota reproduced the days of the *précieuses*. If you ask the name of the best novel written in South America you will generally be told that it is "Maria," a story written by a Colombian about Colombia; the delegate which the Colombians sent to the conference at Rio this summer was one of their favorite poets. Yet to get to Bogota, even after one has left the steamer at Savanilla, takes two weeks' travel up the Magdalena River, and by mule-back across the mountains; there is no way to get out except by the way one came—at the best a whole month gone.

It is inaccessibility such as this which has always been Colombia's great drawback, and which has done much to prevent it from reaching a stage of civilization in which the country as a whole could be taken seriously. Colombia is about ten times as large as New York State and, excepting the Caribbean coast and the broad *llanos* of the eastern part, sloping down to the Orinoco and Amazon, the whole land is one tangle of valleys walled in by mountains, anywhere from ten to twenty thousand feet high. One can look from one neighborhood to another, to reach which by the circuitous trails would take days. There are practically no railroads—communication between the capital and the various departments is by horseback, and about the vividdest idea the outlying people get of the national administration is when some representative of it comes round to put up the taxes.



CANAL ZONE QUARANTINE STATIONS ON THE BEACH ROAD AT COLON

They write and read a great deal of poetry in Bogota, but the folks who do it are only a tiny oligarchy, superimposed on the country's untrained mass, sloping down grade from merely illiterate *mestizos* to out-and-out savages. Only about one-third of the people are white. Of the future importance of the country, there is, of course, no doubt. Its minerals, in spite of the hundreds of millions the Spaniards gathered up, have, in the modern mining sense, scarcely been scratched. It has coffee and rubber and woods, and several million cattle are now ranging in its eastern *llanos*. It will be the nearest country to the Panama Canal, and it is only five days from New York. But such matters are more the business of consular reports than gossip of the "other Americans," and even the present chronicler must admit that in spite of the culture of its upper class and the charm of certain phases of its life, Colombia, together with Ecuador, and, in a lesser sense, Venezuela, is one of those Latin-American countries which are, in a modern sense, scarcely house-broken. The limpid breath that whispers through the palm trees off the Caribbean would woo the soul away from an iron statue of a Puritan Father and make him forget his country, yet you can scarcely refrain from smiling at the three little toy ships of Colombia's navy, dancing in the sun off Cartagena, or at a land where for a few cents of almost any sort of money, you get a handful of bills in change. It is hard to be quite serious when you spend three days in a little flea-bitten shack on the beach and the hotel proprietor, with a low bow, hands you a bill for \$500.

The disadvantage in coming to the Isthmus from any such respectable and unsuspected port as Southampton or New York is that one is compelled on arriving to go to a Panama hotel instead of being hustled away to quarantine. The long arm of Colonel Gorgas and his men, which descends alike on the solitary *stegomyia* basking in the rain-barrel, and whole shiploads of people embarked at ports a thousand miles away, had made La Guayra a suspected port, and whoever had come from there must be quarantined until the six days during which the fever develops were past. Our British acquaintances, therefore, went to Panama where, until the west coast mailboat sailed, they could enjoy some of the worst of Spanish-American cooking and awake of mornings to watch the insectivora crawling up the mosquito curtains of their beds back to their daytime lairs. We, from Venezuela, were bundled into a sea-going hack and driven through darkest Colon—which resembles a fishing village on Jamaica Bay when the tide is out—past the big hospital, to a frame cottage, new, screened, and fresh as paint. We thought at the time that we were rather roughly used, but if ever I should visit Colon again I should step out from under the shade of the ship's awning with precisely the feelings of the man in the music-hall song who asked if they wouldn't put him back in his little cell. It was really a delightful place. A certain breeze wanders off the Caribbean, so soft and sweet, that body and spirit fairly dissolve in it as in some faint, exquisite music. But it is a furtive breeze, as difficult

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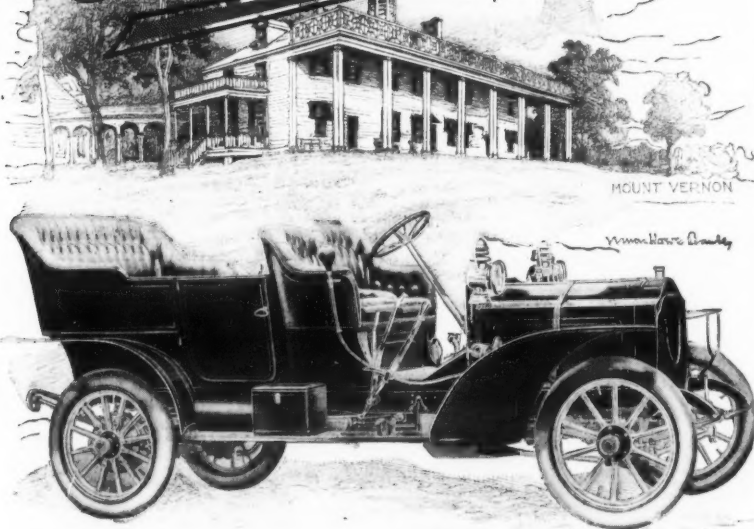
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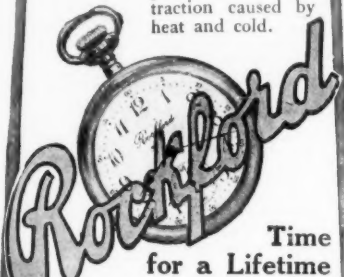
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THE OTHER AMERICANS

(Continued from page 25)

to grasp as the shadow of Ting-a-ling in "Peter Pan." It particularly likes corners. I mean the outside corners of corners which have a porch. It will blow on people it knows, and who know the precise angle it likes, and make them wonder why any one should think it uncomfortably hot in Panama, but if they presume a bit and move so much as a hairbreadth to one side, it goes out like an electric light and leaves them gasping on what might be a tin roof on the very hottest dog-day at home. There was one of those corners on the porch at Quarantine where you could tilt your chair back, put your feet on the porch rail, watch the ships sailing into the Caribbean and shiver agreeably at the stories of disease and death the other prisoners told. We always talked disease and death. By day, with pipes alight, clad only in pajamas, with the coral drive round our little bay blazing in the sun, it was cheerful enough, but toward evening when the mosquitoes began to swarm over from the marshes in clouds, and one felt, in spite of what the doctor said, that at least one or two of them must be *steptomys*, we listened like children hearing ghost stories or shipwrecked sailors talking about sharks while clinging to a raft. There were only six or eight of us—a black-and-tan family bound for Panama, some beach-combers, and the rest from the second class were housed in an adjoining cottage—and to the others, quarantines, eating quinine and driving the fever out one's carcass was part of the day's work. One was a Canal employee; he had had the fever in Havana, and had a certificate saying that he was immune, but he had sailed from Savannah and had been ordered to Quarantine, with the rest. One was a young engineer on his way home from the Nicaragua banana country; you were bound to have more or less malaria, he said, if you had to work in the "bush," but he got a couple of months in the north each year, and that seemed to pull him through. Only once had he "come near to croaking," although that, to be sure, was a pretty close squeak. They measured him for his coffin, and in the thoughtful way they had in that little native hospital, brought it in and set it beside his bed.

The Legion of the Lost Ones

"The good thing is," one of the others said, "you're always out of your head. If you get well, all right, and if you don't, why you go off without knowing it—and that's all right, too." He had just come "out" from home—a young Scotchman, scarcely thirty, yet with nearly ten years' service behind him in every sort of fever-cursed land from the Gold Coast to the Far East. He was a commercial traveler, and he had been down the west coast of Africa somewhere when the "house" had cabled that the man who covered the Caribbean country had died at last, and he must go over and take his place.

"He went off two months ago—at Maracaibo," explained the young Scotchman; "he kept at it too long."

This young man, too, had had his measure taken after the natives had brought him down several days' journey to one of the little ports on the Gold Coast. A ship happened to be in port, and, as steamers didn't pass that way very often, his baggage was packed up and sent aboard, and a cable sent home that his case was hopeless. He had had about every disease in the list of those with creepy names which whisk one off in a night, and his face showed that he had not spent his life looking out of a club window. Yet he was in no sense of the word a hero. He was an agent for a firm of whisky manufacturers. While our baggage was being inspected on the wharf, I had noticed two very solid-looking leather boxes among his luggage, bearing initials not his own.

"Yes," he said dryly, when I spoke about them afterward, "they have seen a good bit of service out here. They belonged to the other man."

You run across them everywhere down here, the soldiers of that strange legion which is always in active service, always on the firing line, yet without a flag and without a name. They are through the jungle ahead of the railroad and over the passes before the engineers. They know the Kaffir and bushwhackers' slang names for food, and to sell a bit of cotton cloth or a phonograph they are ready to speak more languages than a Russian diplomat. They cross deserts and ignore pestilence, and the things that amateur explorers write volumes about are not mentioned when they run across a mailboat, and send back to the "house" a report of the day's work. They don't get any medals or any cheers or any pensions, and they are lucky if they get their name in the paper when the time comes for them to "snuff it" in some far-off jungle, under any flag in the world but their own.

Although prisoners, we could walk along the beach for about the distance of two city blocks to a certain stump beside the water, and if any one passed that the little German doctor would call from the porch and the big Jamaica negro policeman, in khaki and a brown helmet, would start toward us, beaming his superior and Sphinx-like smile. He was a wonderful person, very proud of his position, of the distinguished personage whom he called "Uncle Sam," and he spoke the most elegant phrasebook English with a British accent that made the most precise of us feel small and colloquial. It was superb to hear him ask the negro driver of one of the rickety Colon carriages, "Suh—what is yoh tariff?" or to watch him stride in majestically from the other house and request "If I am not incommoding you too much, steward, two moh bottles of yoh aerated watahs."

The Canal Negro Before and After Taking

If all the Canal negroes fitted into their places as perfectly as did this benign and efficient personage, the problem of labor would not be perplexing. I had my first glimpse of the Canal negro when I took the steamer at La Guayra. She had touched at Trinidad, and her steerage decks, fore and aft, were packed with Barbadoes negroes. They were husky, strong-looking fellows, like most West Indian negroes, black and smooth as seals. Some were beautiful, in their chocolate statue fashion; tall, with narrow waists and fine shoulders that showed through their torn shirts like chocolate-colored bronze. Mr. Rowland Thomas, looking down from the upper deck, might have mistaken several for his "Fagan." By day they sprawled in the sun like turtles or amused themselves with absurd games, crawling along the rails like monkeys or begging for cigarettes from the cabin passengers with the peculiar Cockney whine of the negro of the British West Indies; at night they danced on the deck while two or three pounded on the hatchway with sticks precisely the same sort of tomtom song, I dare say, that their relations were beating at the same moment in the heart of the Congo jungle. It was difficult to associate them with hard and persistent labor; they seemed, as much as the palm trees, a part of those sleepy isles the steamer had left behind, with their sunshine and their tobacco and coffee and the rank molasses-sugar smells. They were merely happy tropical animals. Then one day we sighted the Isthmus. Instantly there was a grand scramble. Out of tin trunks and paper bundles came duck suits and rakish flannels, Panama hats with silk-scarf hatbands, barber-pole ties that would have made a Yale sophomore envious—all the conglomeration of British hand-me-down clothing which could be accumulated in

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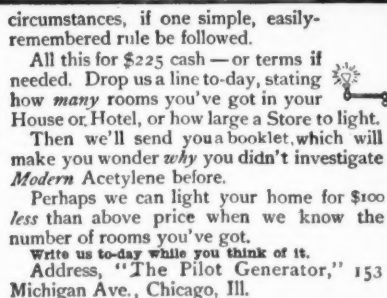
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THE OTHER AMERICANS
(Continued from page 28)

such a place as the Barbadoes where British clothing is as cheap as it is in London. They had elaborated all the little tricks they had picked up from their British masters. The Panamas were carefully turned up in front and down behind, their ducks were rolled up half-way to their knees, flaming silk handkerchiefs were hanging negligently out of breast pockets. They strolled the deck and leaned on their sticks with the air of Broadway chorus gentlemen, and the same shameless, slovenly children who had begged for tobacco now stared up toward the saloon deck with a "who-the-hell-are-you?" air which seemed to be endeavoring to assure us that we had never seen them before. It was men like these who had come to undertake continuous and exhausting labor under conditions which called for pluck and fortitude of the first order. I do not know how typical this boatload may have been; others, perhaps, had less of this hopeless mixture of barbarism and cheap sophistication. But when one thought of these black men with H. M. S. Impregnable hatbands running up against an Irish Canal foreman, for instance, the labor problem opened up a few of its vistas. And it was instructive to recall the look of these men two or three days later when we recognized some of them at work along the railroad—clothes out of sight now, cocky manners out of sight, too, just simple, cagey, Canal negroes, moving so slowly that one wondered how they could keep their balance, carrying shovelfuls of dirt with the elaborate care of contestants in a slow bicycle race.

To those who know them the tropics are not terrible, treacherous though they be; even in naturally unhealthy places like Panama, where such work as Colonel Gorgas and his men are doing has been done, there is scarcely more danger to health than in the temperate north. Such work is part of the romance of modern science—to destroy terror, stamp out disease, defeat what amounted to a hostile army with sharpshooters behind every tree, concealed, indeed, in every rain-puddle and water-barrel; and to do it, not with fighting and smoke and blood, but peacefully, silently, with microscopes and drains and mosquito screens. Its importance can scarcely be overestimated. For it means, not merely making the Isthmus habitable, but changing the problem of the whole tropics and throwing it open to the white man.

Making the Isthmus a Place for White Men

All of the men whom I met on the Isthmus who had work which allowed them to remain indoors away from the sun seemed contented. There was always a breeze, they said, and in the shade it was more comfortable than it was in summer in the city at home. Their lodgings were clean and roomy, and the meals at the commissariat restaurants which cost them thirty-five cents and strangers fifty cents, were much better than those supplied by the average boarding-house in New York. The most satisfied person I met was a man who had spent his life in clubs and restaurants at home before he took up an executive position in one of the departments on the Canal.

"Food's good, do nothing at night but sleep, and it's no hotter than it is in the summer in Chicago," he said. "Gained twenty pounds, and I whistle every morning when I'm taking my bath, and that's something I didn't use to be able to do."

These are the cheering things one hears after seeing the Canal and talking with its builders, but few Northerners, used to thinking of "the country" as a paradise in which one, rides and plays golf and gets rested and healthy, can journey across the Isthmus for the first time without a certain feeling of creepiness, as though one were entering a darkened sick-room sheltering some malignant disease, or an ambush that concealed an enemy. Outside it is only a strip of jungle land. There is an aisle of tropical vines and creepers, pierced by a railroad, wooded hills presently, and the view now and then of a sluggish river. The very stillness and lethargy of it only makes more oppressive the weight of tragedy that lies upon it—makes it seem more treacherous. Hopes and fortunes and thousands of lives have perished here, and there lies the jungle, flat and stupid and freshly green, innocent as a quicksand. Nature ceases to be our kindly, comfortable mother of the north. One shrinks from her. You do not throw up your chin and fill your lungs; you breathe with a certain dread, as though the very air were poisonous. Through the vines you can see now and then the engines and dump-cars and little cranes left by the French. The hungry vegetation, with the relentless sureness of a python swallowing a "rabbit," has all but submerged them. There is something horrible and uncanny in the inevitableness of this tropical growth, outwardly so fragile and so frail. From the tops of rusty smokestacks and steam shovels, pale tendrils flutter and swing in the breeze, pretty and careless, and they seem like the little waves lapping about some dead thing in the water. . . .

The Promise of the Future

It was sunset time when we rode through the Culebra Cut. Work had stopped, and beside the fresh gashes they had gnawed in the red clay of the hillside, the South Milwaukee steam shovels—almost alive and personal they seemed, so wonderfully did they bring into the jungle the strength and sure sweep of that life of the north—rested for the night. The army of workers were returning home. At every station folks poured into the train; clerks from the division chiefs' offices, young engineers with red clay plastered all over their boots and puttees, sweat coming through the khaki between their shoulders, and that tired look across the eyes that comes to white men who have to work and worry in a tropical climate. With them, returning from marketing or visiting, were their sisters and wives and young lady school-teachers in summer shirtwaists. Everybody seemed to know everybody else. It was like a commuter's train going out to Jersey at six o'clock. The young engineers leaned over the backs of the seats and chatted with the school-teachers—some of the wives and sisters brought out candy boxes and passed them around.

"Hello, Mrs. S., how's everything? . . . Well, she said. . . . Yes, he's going to get a month's vacation and run up to Utica for. . . . See you at the dance Friday. . . . We got the worst of it cleaned off now, and just as soon as we burn the brush off we'll turn stock in here, by Jiminy, and make a meadow of the whole damn jungle. . . . Lucille's just got all the music, an' it's simply. . . . Can't you come over to-night?" . . .

It is hard to explain to one who has not first felt the creepy spell of a fever neighborhood, the hideous inhumanity of the tropical wilderness, just what such ordinary talk from these ordinary people meant in such a place. It seemed to quiet the noisy shouting about graft and plunder, and make it only the red-faced wrangling of a day; for the moment it was the voice of that young, strong, clean nation, which had tackled this job, the sign and promise of the finished work. The cool of evening breathed into the car windows, ravines sank into shadow, wooded hilltops glowed in the sunset; and the treacherous jungle lost its treachery and acquired a sweetness and humanity.

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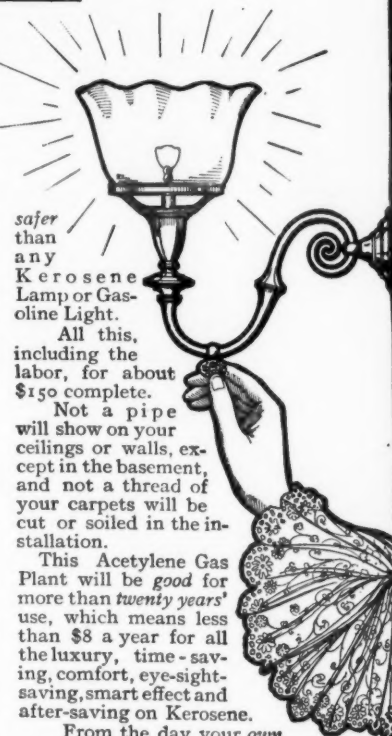
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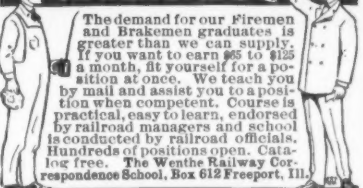
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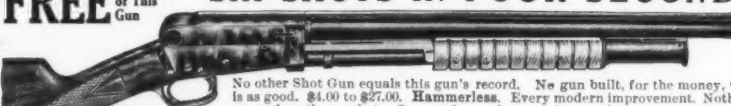
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The swiftest, safest, strongest sled ever invented. The fastest sled for boys. The only sled girls can properly control. Steering without dragging the feet lets it go full speed—saves its cost in shoes the first season—prevents wet feet, colds, and doctors' bills. Made of second growth white ash and steel—built to last. We want your father, mother and friends to understand all about this sled so we offer this money for doing some easy errands. Write to us and say "I want to enter for the prizes" sign your name and address. We will tell you what to do.

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The flat, corrugated tread overcomes tendency to skidding, making much for safety on severe curves and sudden swerves.

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The Autumn number of The Herrick Cut Book is crammed full of good ideas and over 100 illustrations in two colors. If you're a business firm send 25c for this number and you will receive all the numbers published within the year. Send 25c to-day.

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burns with pleasant odor. It cleanses and

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WE WILL SEND YOU A BOX OF 16 PASTILES WITH METAL HOLDER

Mail us 25c To-day

Paul Manufacturing Co.
36 Fulton St. Boston, Mass.

PRIDE OF CRAFT
(Continued from page 21)

want to show what I got in this here bag to most people," he said. "but I guess there ain't much risk in lettin' you see it if you like."

"Just wait till my eyes get used to this damn glare," Jim murmured.

Diamond rose and kicked the bag aside. "Say," he growled, "where d'you keep your grub?"

"Holler for that Injin o' mine," said Jim, "he's gone over to rig some guys on the instrument . . . the fluviograph. Just go to the door and holler."

Diamond walked to the door. Jim's hand slipped up under his pillow and cuddled the stock of his .45. Diamond raised one hand to his mouth and shouted; then he turned and looked into the muzzle of Jim's Colt.

"Hands up, Bill Diamond!" said Jim softly.

V

JIM lay upon his cot and stared in silence at the golden heap which Juan had poured from the matting sack. There were nuggets from the size of a pea to the size of a walnut; a pile of shapeless golden joys.

Opposite him, Diamond, in double irons, stared down at his ravished gold, and all of the fires of greed and hate burned in his murderous eyes.

"You've got the ax in your hand, Jim Morgan," said he, "but you ain't such a damn fool as to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Man, dear, that ain't a fly-speck on what's up the gully where them things come from!"

Jim did not answer; he stared at the pile, and his yellow eyes reflected the yellow of the gold. Suddenly he stretched out one leg and began to sort the nuggets with the toes of his small, bare foot. There was a mocking lilt in his sweet, low-pitched voice.

"Here's an automobile . . ." he laughed and pushed aside a little nugget. "Here's a box at the opera . . ." he pushed another one from the heap; then, with his mellow laugh rippling louder he reached out his foot and pawed at the biggest nugget of the pile. "Here's . . . a pretty, pretty woman!"

A gurgle came from Diamond's throat; his white teeth shone through his matted beard.

"Don't be a damn fool, Jim Morgan," he growled. "You don't see any steam yachts in that bunch, do ye? . . . or any of them palaces that the millionaires build these days? Look-a-here, Jim . . ." his voice whined, ". . . there ain't nothin' for you in a cold hand like this. Suppose that heap is worth two hundred thou . . . which it ain't . . . what's that to a man nowadays? Wouldn't buy him a seat on the bleachers! Let's you and me work this right; we got color . . . now let's draw to fill! I'll play fair, sure I will. I got to have somebody handle the stuff for me. I can go back up that crick and get boatloads; if you'll cash in for me I'll go halves, and when she's worked out we'll hop one o' these here tramps and run for Monte Carlo where we'll set up right, like two millionaire sports!"

Jim's eyes flickered up at him curiously.

"Who was with you when you struck it?" he asked.

Diamond laughed brutally; it was a murderous laugh. Jim's eyes narrowed as he listened; the skin crept at the back of his neck; his pupils contracted and he fingered his weapon restlessly.

"There was two bush-niggers with me when I went up that crick," said Diamond. He grinned and his mustache rolled up and showed the white teeth set in pale red gums. "But I come down . . . alone!"

Jim rose unsteadily and walked to the door. He looked out across the swirling river, now dropping as rapidly as it had risen. He glanced back over his shoulder at Diamond.

"Flench 'em both?" he asked casually.

"Sure . . . what's two niggers alongside of a crick paved with nuggets like them?"

Jim looked back at the river, the forest, the jungle, fever-filled, but pure and wholesome compared to the murderous brute whom he had trapped.

One bare foot touched the pile of nuggets and a tremor ran through him. They had gripped him deeply, those shapeless, yellow lumps. Why should he give them up? . . . why parley with a rabid dog whose dripping jaws closed upon a fortune? Why not judge him from his own mouth, his own criminal philosophy? Had he not asked what the lives of two negroes mattered beside a fortune? What then did the life of a many times murderer matter beside the same stake? Was not his life already forfeit?

Something in Jim's face, speech, manner, or perhaps some vulpine instinct smote the prisoner with a chill of fear. His querulous voice cut into Jim's meditation.

"What ye dopin' out, man?" he whined. "You can't throw down no such chance as this. Didn't you come down here for graft? Ain't you 'Grafter Jim?' Well . . . what more d'ye want, hey?" He kicked with both manacled feet at the pile of nuggets. "Come on . . . you and me can make these here Canal grafters look like blind beggars!"

"Grafter Jim" . . . murmured Jim, and looked across the river. The sun glare tried him less than did the seductive yellow glint from the little heap of nuggets. "We are two of a kind, that thing and myself; a pair of grafters. . . ." was the thought passing through his mind. After all, it was a short step from graft to open theft, from theft to murder. What was murder for gain but a sort of graft?

But the gold! Ah, the gold . . . the things which it would give . . . those things for which his sensuous nature panted! The delights which the world held ready to barter for those misshapen yellow lumps! His vivid imagination arrayed them all in cohorts; travel, books, music, pictures, the contact and acquaintance with brilliant folk, bright faces . . . happy, happy hours!

Then all at once he thought of his sacred covenant; his word passed on the hilltop at Culebra. He had passed his word, not to another whom he might deceive, but to himself whom he could not deceive, that he would play the great Canal game square.

He stared for a moment at the river, which was falling fast. Then he turned to Juan.

"Pack up," he said, "we are going down."

"Si, señor."

Jim leaned over, slowly gathered up the nuggets and threw them into the sack. Then he turned to his prisoner.

"You are going to jail, Bill Diamond," he said softly. "You can keep your damn nuggets and see if they can save your neck!"

He raised his hand, his eyes lurid, his sensitive lips quivering. "Don't speak . . . keep your mouth shut, d'ye hear?" A quaver crept into his soft voice; he leaned toward the prisoner. "If you speak . . ." he tapped the weapon at his hip. " . . . I'll bark you!" He leaned closer to the man; his voice sank to a whisper and the two pits formed above his eyes. " . . . If you say 'graft' to me again, Bill Diamond, I'll flesh you. . . ." The soft voice sank lower still; it thickened ominously. " . . . and if you say 'gold' to me once more. . . ." he whipped the weapon from its holster and covered the terrified man while his low voice mounted suddenly to a shriek. " . . . by God, I'll kill you!"

He dropped upon the cot; sobs strangled his breath; the tears gushed from his eyes. In the adjoining room the Indian went stolidly about his work, packing up the gear.

Slowly Jim's sobs became less violent; his vision cleared; the blood-lust left him; the gold-lust dimmed; a great peace settled upon his tortured soul.

The battle was finished; the Pride of Craft had won.

FOR THE NURSERY—FOR THE TABLE

Whether as an ideal food for infants or for general household use, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has no equal; of no other food product can this be truthfully said.—Adm.

A GIFT OF COMFORT

Certainly you have in mind something useful for Christmas presents, and want your gifts to be attractive. In this Combination box (exact size), containing

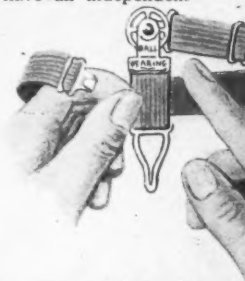
PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS AND Ball Bearing Garters

you get the useful in attractive form. The suspenders and garters together cost only 75 cents. No extra charge for the handsome box, which, by the way, is the most artistic of all boxes ever used for the purpose. There are four different covers from which to choose—Julia Marlowe as Juliet; Viola Allen as Viola; Edith Wynne Mathison as Rosalind and Maxine Elliott as Portia. You run no risk of making a mistake, as most men wear PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS and BALL BEARING GARTERS.

In the illustration on the right you can see how really comfortable President Suspenders are. The back slides gracefully, quickly, and smoothly—no matter how suddenly one may bend, lift, or reach. They rest so lightly the wearer barely feels them. There is no pressure on the shoulders—no tension on the webbing—no strain anywhere—and the trousers stay smooth. The sliding back does all the work. That's why PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS are so much more comfortable and wear so much longer than any other kind.



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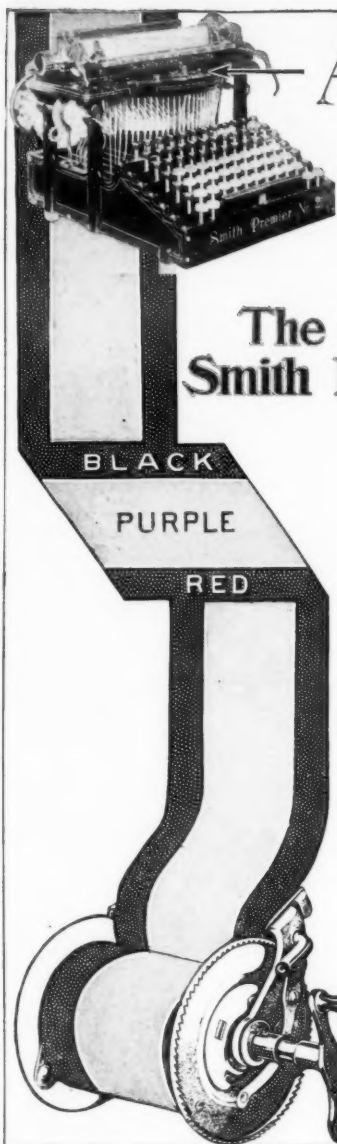
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which enables it to write

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It is so simple that the wonder is it was never discovered before. The ribbon-changing lever is as accessible as the keys, making it possible to change from one kind of typewriting to another in an instant.

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The price is the same as that of all Smith Premier models.

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Perfect Visible Writing

Every Other Feature that is Desirable

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Every Fox Visible Typewriter is supplied with a tabulator, no extra charge, its operation is extremely simple.

Two Color Ribbon Self Reversing Ribbon Oscillating Ribbon

These are only a few of the features you secure when you buy a Fox. When you buy any other typewriter, no matter what kind, you do not find them, though they are recognized as essential to any high-grade machine.

When you buy a Fox you know you have the best.

We want to prove this in your office. It costs you nothing to find out. Give us the privilege today.

Write our Executive Office.

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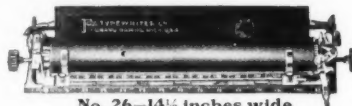
Grand Rapids, Michigan

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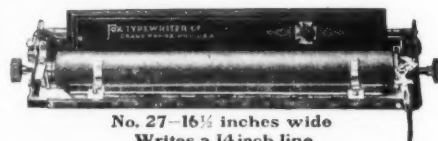
Carriages of Different Lengths



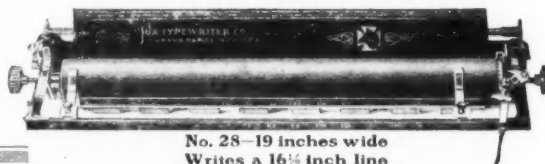
No. 25—12 inches wide
Writes a 9 1/2 inch line



No. 26—14 1/2 inches wide
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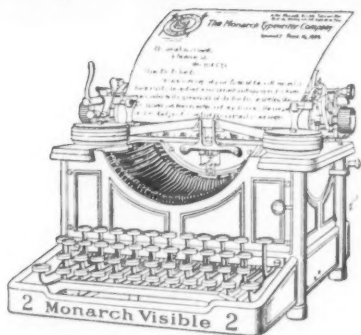
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Writes a 16 1/2 inch line

THE fact that impresses one most strongly about the Monarch Visible Typewriter, is the royal co-operation between all of its parts to work quickly, accurately, untiringly, to produce the finest written result, and the most of it,—aiding the operator at every point and at every instant.

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The touch of a Monarch type-bar so greatly economizes the strength of an operator, that he can do more work, with less fatigue, with better results in writing, than is possible with the use of any other typewriter.

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Largest Independent Typewriter Company in the World Seeks Young Men of Ability

This talk is addressed to young men.

If you are built of the right timber, you can earn handsome incomes representing the Oliver Typewriter.

Some of our Salesmen earn thousands—it all depends on the MAN!

There is a bright future for you in this great organization, if you seize the opportunity now.

—A chance to get to the front

—To build up a business for yourself

—To become financially independent.

It doesn't require a "pull" to get into this business.

But it does require a clean record, native ability and a willingness to buckle down to earnest work.

The Oliver Organization is a body of picked men—trained in the Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship.

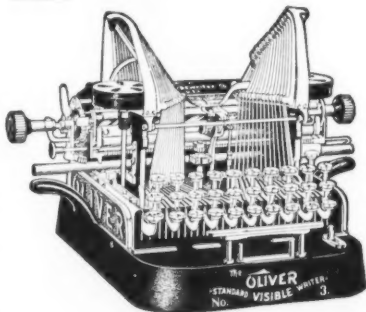
We will give you a course in this School—tuition free and all expenses paid—if you succeed in coming with us.

Our Sales Force receives the loyal support of the General Offices at all times. We back our men with extensive newspaper and magazine advertising, pay the most liberal salaries in the business, and recognize good work by prompt promotion.

And how they work—these Oliver Salesmen!

What keen delight they take in smashing all selling records! Their enthusiasm is resistless—sweeping all obstacles before it.

They believe in the Oliver Typewriter, and well they may, for it leads all other writing machines in durability, in speed capacity, in accuracy, in universal adaptation to all requirements.



The unparalleled success of the Oliver is due to this invincible combination:

—A Perfect Visible Writing Machine

—A Peerless Sales Organization

—The liberal, aggressive business policy of a broad-gauge Management.

Do you realize that the largest independent typewriter concern in the world is offering YOU a handsome income?

What are you going to do about it?

The best thing is to get a letter to us by first mail, for full particulars.

The Oliver Typewriter Company

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The Best Home Magazine

If you are a woman---if you are a mother of boys, boys growing up who look to you for guidance, whose reading matter it is your privilege to select, and your greatest pleasure is to read with them and watch them grow and develop into fine, strong, steadfast men;

If you are the wife of a husband who thinks he is too busy to stop and look around him to see what his country is doing, and you feel there are things which he should know and matter which he should read in order to be a better citizen, a better worker and a better man;

If you yourself want to know what all these questions mean---how Carl Schurz became the friend of the great; what Roosevelt does and how he does it; what happened in Montana and who Heinze, Clark and Daly are---if you wish to have in your home a magazine which is an inspiration for the best sort of citizenship for every boy old enough to read---then you want **McCLURE'S MAGAZINE**.

McClure's in 1907

The reporting of the nation, past and present, will be in such capable and well-trying hands as

Carl Schurz the second portion of whose reminiscences deal with the American period and bristle with admirable full-length living portraits of such giants as Lincoln, Douglas, Sherman, Grant, Chase, Seward, Sumner, Conkling and Blaine, whom he knew intimately and whom he describes admirably, and who have never before been presented to the world by one in a position to speak from such close knowledge;

Burton J. Hendrick "The only articles out of the mass of stuff written about Life-Insurance which have made the subject plain and interesting," writes a subscriber of the McClure series of articles by Burton J. Hendrick. This writer, who combines the historical faculty with an interesting style, will continue his studies of American life for McClure's of 1907.

George Kibbe Turner who begins his new work for McClure's with a remarkable study of civic organization, to be called "Galveston; a Business Corporation"---one of the real McClure kind;

Ray Stannard Baker who has carried the story of railway ownership home to the whole United States, and whose work will have a new significance in 1907 when the railroad question may be a political issue;

William Allen White who has already shown his ability to present a fresh unhackneyed, realistic, living picture of a public man, and whose next contribution to McClure's will be upon President Roosevelt and his work.

The work of amusing the readers of McClure's with that rarest of rare literary products---a good short story---has been happily assigned to such already-loved entertainers as

Ellen Terry the great English actress, "An Elizabethan in the Nineteenth Century," will tell the woman readers of McClure's the story of her stage career---nearly fifty years with the men and women who made the modern English drama.

Myra Kelly who again shows us Miss Bailey's schoolroom with a new comer, a little cousin "Come out of Russia," who brings into this pathetically funny circle the dark tragedy of a race;

Rex Beach whose remarkably expressive use of the language of the outdoor men of the Northwest makes his stories tremendously effective even without the exciting incidents which they describe;

Mary Stewart Cutting who will contribute a series of subtle studies in domestic life. The first of these, "On the Ridge,"---full of warmth and color and abounding in tactful irony---will be a prominent feature of the Christmas number;

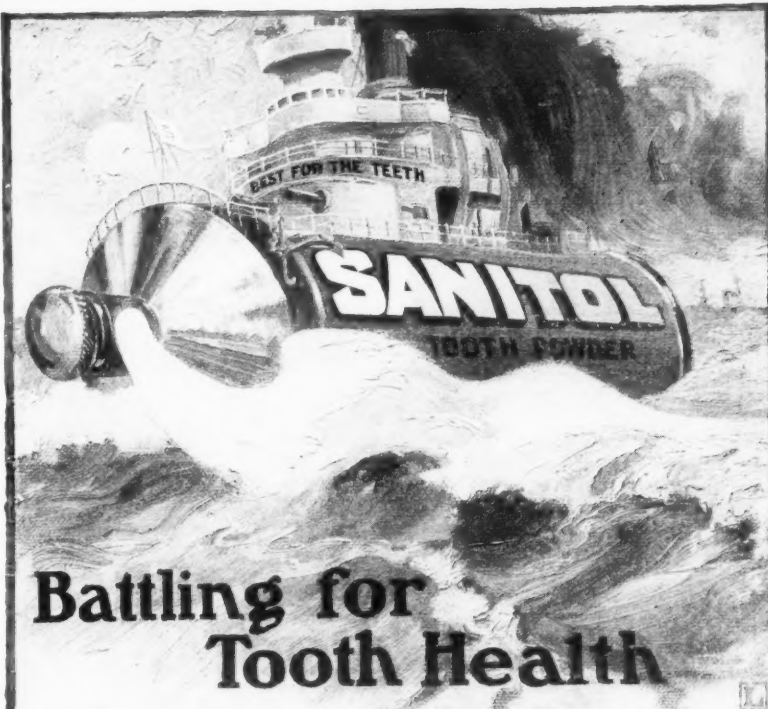
Joseph Conrad the greatest living writer of stories of the sea, and whose new story in 1907, called "The Brute," will be also of the sea;

O. Henry equally at home upon the streets of republics, New York and in South American republics, whose humor is particularly and vitally American in quality.

These are selections, and perhaps invidious selections, from the great wealth of really good, human, humorous, vital and helpful reading which **McCLURE'S** offers in 1907.

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Sanitol Tooth Powder wages a never-ceasing warfare against impure conditions of the mouth and gives to your teeth a beautiful polish and natural whiteness.

The most efficient preserver and protector of your teeth, the greatest modern force opposed to tooth decay, discoloration and discomfort is

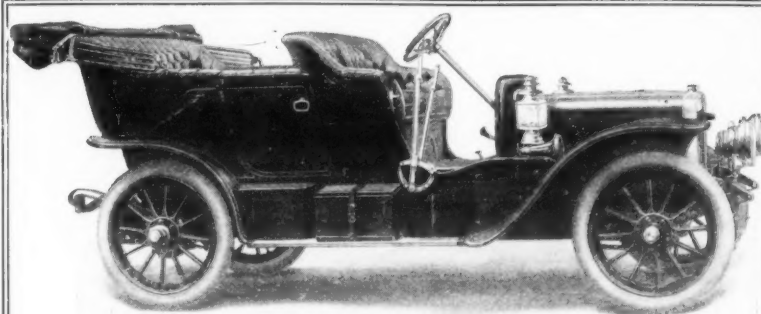
SANITOL TOOTH POWDER

It is called the great American Dentifrice because there are combined in it such remarkable antiseptic and oxygen-releasing properties. Sanitol Tooth Powder accomplishes what others can not.

There is nothing like Sanitol. Its use is pleasant and its effect certain. Try it for a few days on your teeth, and see.

Individual package FREE for the asking, just to show you how good Sanitol really is. Regular Size at Your Druggist's, 25c.

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YOU'LL NEVER RUN OUT OF GASOLINE

on the road---when you have a Winton Model M.

Every time the tank is filled, two gallons go automatically into a reserve supply tank, and can't be used accidentally, or without warning. When the main tank runs dry, you turn a valve, and the reserve gasoline takes the Model M to a base of supply.

A gage always shows how much gasoline the main tank contains, but you may forget to look. No matter---you'll never be stranded. That two gallon reserve is your constant protection.

This safety idea is one of the very least important features of the Winton Model M. We mention it only to show how carefully every detail is worked out---even to details that offset forgetfulness.

Note these features of the Model M.

WINTON

Seats seven passengers.	Clutch and transmission run on annular ball bearings.	Wheel base, 112 inches.
40 H. P. four cylinder motor.	Carburetor, mechanically throttled; hand and foot control.	Trunk carrier, gas, oil and tail lamps, horn, tools, etc., included as equipment.
Offset cylinders; save power and eliminate the "knock."	Positive "Shooting" oiler, mechanically operated.	Instant access to all working parts.
Interchangeable, mechanical valves; all on one side of motor.	Improved Winton Twin springs.	Bearing surfaces ground to accuracy of 1-10,000 of an inch.
Single cam shaft; offset to save power.	Four brakes, all on rear hubs.	Materials tested to assure safety.
Multiple disc clutch, will start on any speed from standstill without jar or shock.	Wheels and pinion shaft run on taper roller bearings.	Price, \$3500 f. o. b. Cleveland.
Tested to hold 90 H. P.	Drive shaft horizontal under normal load.	Book M gives the details.
Four forward speeds, selective.	New roller type universal joints.	Book M describes Type X-LV 30 H. P. four cylinders. Same careful selection of materials and exacting workmanship as on Model M. Admittedly the best \$2500 car for 1907.
Direct drive on third speed, with countershaft at rest.	Jump spark ignition.	
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TRADE MARK
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